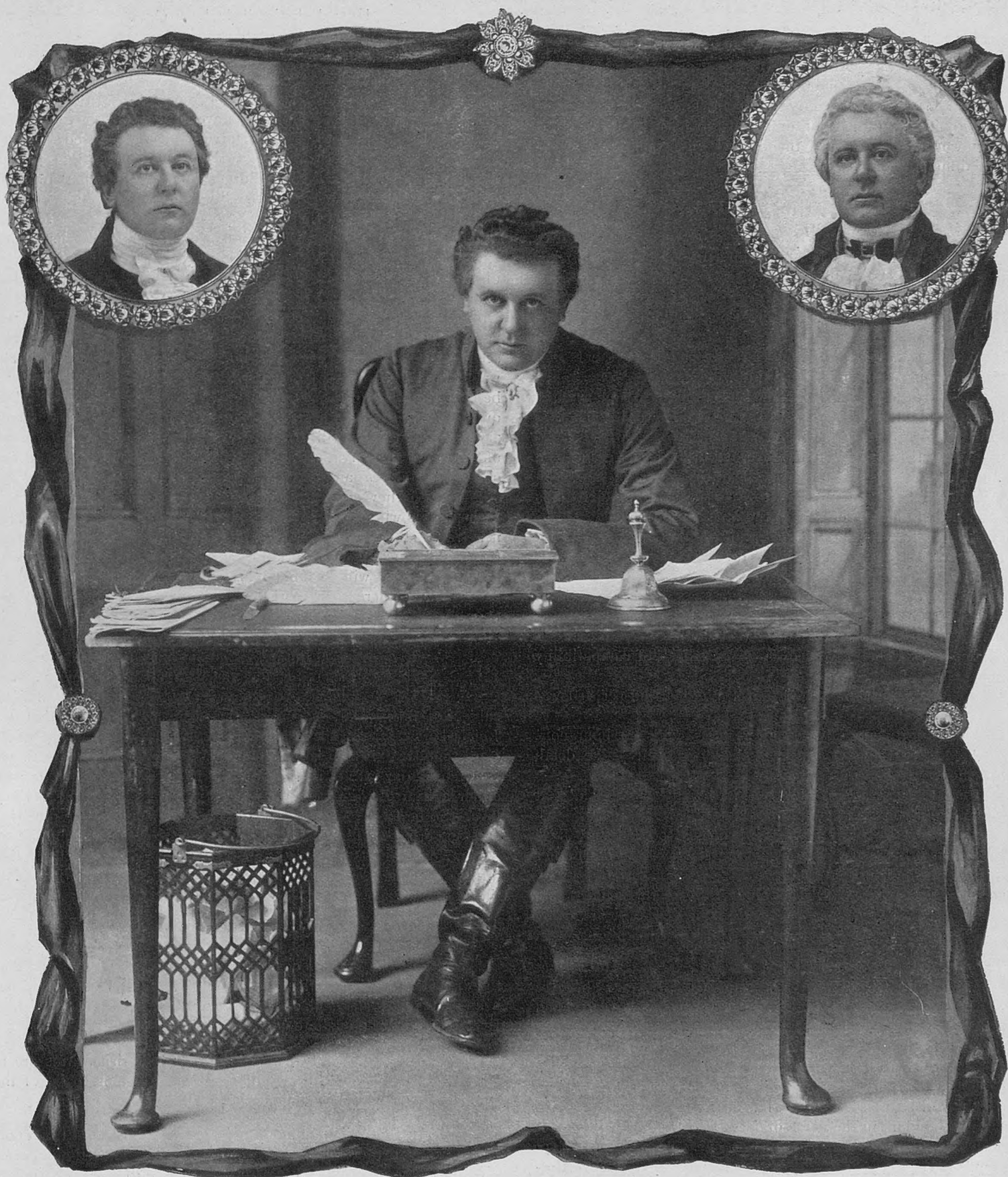


The Sketch

No. 748.—Vol. LVIII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1907.

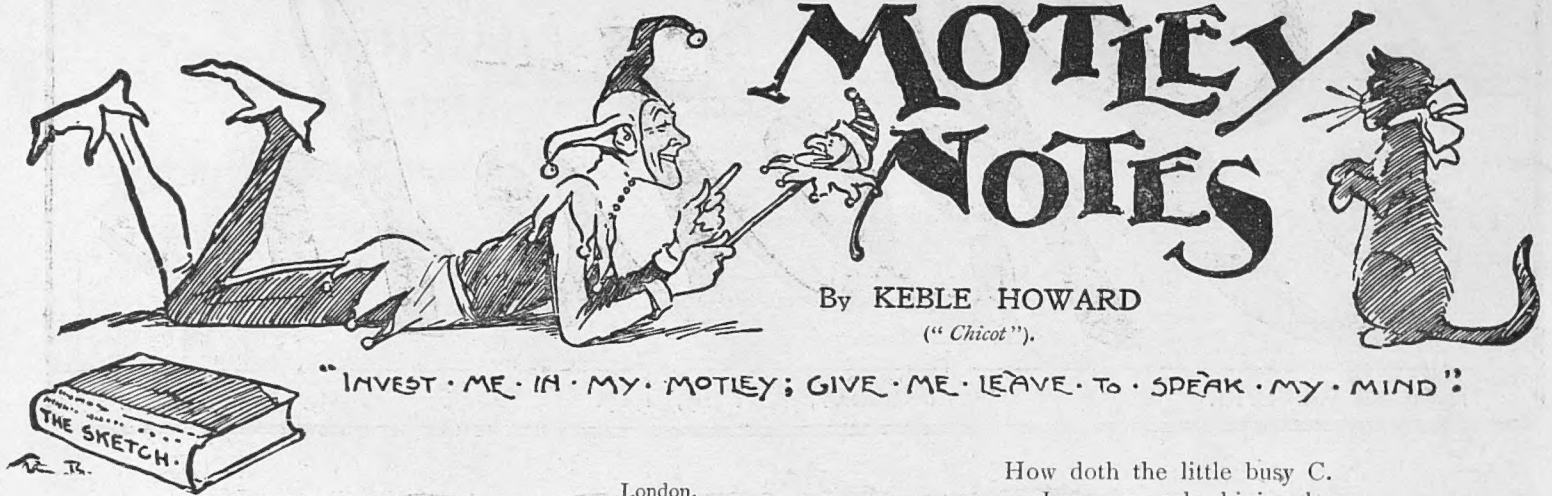
SIXPENCE.



THE NEW CHARLES HAWTREY: THE POPULAR ACTOR WITHOUT HIS MOUSTACHE
(AS HE APPEARS AS JOHN MARCH IN "MR. GEORGE.")

In the interests of accuracy, Mr. Charles Hawtrey shaved his moustache in order to appear in "Mr. George," at the Vaudeville. The period of the play is 1773.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.



Epigrams in the Scullery.

London.
Apropos of the revival at His Majesty's Theatre of "A Woman of No Importance," a certain dramatic critic, who shall be nameless, actually remarks: "The epigram, together with its first cousin, the pun, survives only in the scullery of dramatic literature." Taking him literally it would come out, as the Society entertainers invariably say, something like this—

SCENE: THE SCULLERY.

FIRST KITCHENMAID (*busily washing dishes*). Have you ever observed, Elizette, that the less faithful a woman may be to her husband, the truer she is to herself?

SECOND KITCHENMAID (*busily wiping dishes*). 'Course I 'ave. And to 'er sex, what's more. 'Ow are we gettin' on? Shouldn't mind a drop o' beer.

FIRST KITCHENMAID. Ah! you can take a girl to the barrel, Elizette, but you cannot make her think.

SECOND KITCHENMAID. 'Arf a mo! I thought o' one summat like that last night. What was it, again? Oh, yes! "There's many a true word, after all, spoken in earnest." Smart, eh?

FIRST KITCHENMAID. You improve, my little Elizette, but you are rather too obvious at present. Clearness of expression, you know, has much the same relation to Art as a barber's pole. It is ugly, strident, and leaves nothing to the imagination.

SECOND KITCHENMAID (*admiringly*). My! Is that yer own?

FIRST KITCHENMAID. Half mine and half Fred's. We made it up walkin' back to Knightsbridge last Sunday evening.

SECOND KITCHENMAID. I thought it 'ad a dash of Fred in it. Reminds me of his boots.

FIRST KITCHENMAID. Fred is a sweet soul—almost too sweet. I sometimes think I shall divorce him on the ground of compatibility of temper.

SECOND KITCHENMAID. I shud wait till 'e married yer, if I was you.

FIRST KITCHENMAID. Divorce after marriage is so bourgeois. Divorce before marriage would be a distinct novelty—like death before dishonour.

SECOND KITCHENMAID. You'll get into a habit of talkin' that way, yer know, if you ain't careful.

FIRST KITCHENMAID. Your warning comes too late, my little Elizette. The only man who looks before he leaps is old Father Time—and even he is not warned.

SECOND KITCHENMAID. Oh, get along with yer rubbish!

The Romantic Manager.

It seems that the "Joan of Arc House" at Orleans is for sale. Oddly enough, this announcement comes just at the time when several people are producing or are about to produce Joan of Arc plays. Bids for the house, then, are numerous, one theatrical manager proposing to transfer the whole building to New York as a gift to Central Park, another to take it round the country on rollers, and so on. Mr. Charles Frohman, for his part, would like to give the house to London, in the name of Miss Pauline Chase, and erect it at his own expense in Kensington Gardens. "This"—to adapt Peter Pan's finest line—"would be a tremendously big advertisement!" It would advertise, for ever and a day, (1) Mr. Charles Frohman, (2) Miss Pauline Chase, (3) "Peter Pan," (4) Mr. J. M. Barrie, (5) Mr. Frohman's Joan of Arc play, and (6) Joan of Arc. "I take a sentimental interest in the gardens," said Mr. Frohman to an interviewer.

How doth the little busy C.
Improve each shining hour,
And gather . . . all the day
From every opening flower!

Contradictions While You Wait.

If journalists never contradicted each other they would starve. I am rejoiced to read, therefore, in two weekly papers, that parents are (a) happier than their children and (b) sadder than their children. "Have you ever noticed," writes a, "how much happier are the faces of the old than of the young? A lowering discontent too often spoils the handsome looks of girls and youths. They expect too much of life, I suppose, and are in a chronic state of disappointment; whereas the elders have won through with their experiences and have learned to be contented with the present." Do not, however, allow these reflections either to cheer or depress you. Hear, I beg of you, b. Says b: "It is a sad experience to see the modern mother vying with the modern father in a pathetic wail over the neglect of parents by their children. But what must be the experience of the actual sufferers, the outcast parents in their own homes, pining for a gentle, encouraging word from their sons and daughters?" Well, I am a journalist, and I am anxious to put off the day of starvation as long as possible, so I shall up and contradict both a and b. It is true that the young lower, but not because they expect too much of life. They lower because their parents will not leave them alone to do as they like. Again, it is true that parents wail, but not because their children neglect them. They wail because it seems as though the day would never come when they will be able to say of all their offspring, without exception, "There! No more worry and anxiety about you, my dear!"

Pity the Poor Platonist!

Dr. Emil Reich continues to make the most absurd statements with unabated energy. His latest pronouncement deals with the difficult subject of flirting. It is evident that you could put all that Dr. Reich knows about flirting into a waistcoat-pocket, child's size. For example: "A man jaded to death by forty letters and fifteen telegrams a day cannot in the evening indulge in the excitement of either a heart-shaking tragedy or the passion of an all-absorbing love. So he flirts." Passing lightly over the fact that the receiving and answering of forty letters and fifteen telegrams would be an uncommonly light day's work, does not Dr. Reich know that flirting is the most nerve-wracking amusement in the world? Pity the poor Platonist!

Court and Society.

We are officially informed that the marriage of Miss Edna May to Mr. Oscar Lewisohn, the date of which will be kept secret, has been arranged to take place on Tuesday, June 4, before a registrar. Every effort will be made to avoid a public ovation.

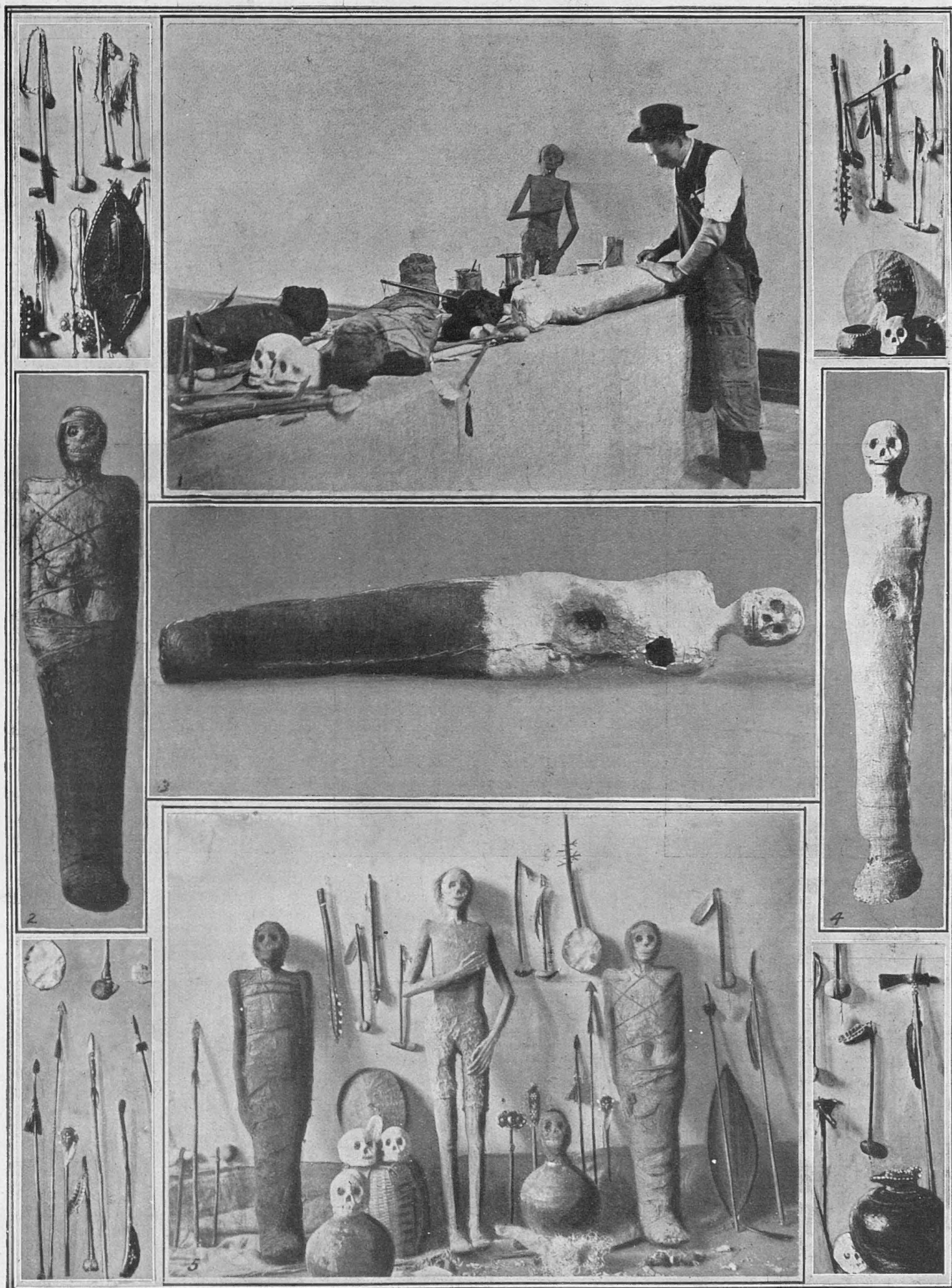
We understand that two hundred leading Parisian firms are at work on Miss Edna May's wedding-gown, which is to be of the simplest possible style and material.

We learn that Miss Edna May is greatly annoyed at the report which has gained currency to the effect that she refused an offer of £1000 to sing eight bars of "Follow-On" into General Booth's gramophone. The correct amount was £2000.

Miss Edna May still adheres to her resolution never to return to the stage. All business communications should be addressed to the Aldwych Theatre. Telegraphic address, "Starving, London."

MUMMY-MAKING IN CALIFORNIA:

PREPARING FOR THE INNOCENT CURIO-HUNTER.



1. MAKING AN IMITATION MUMMY AT LOS ANGELES.

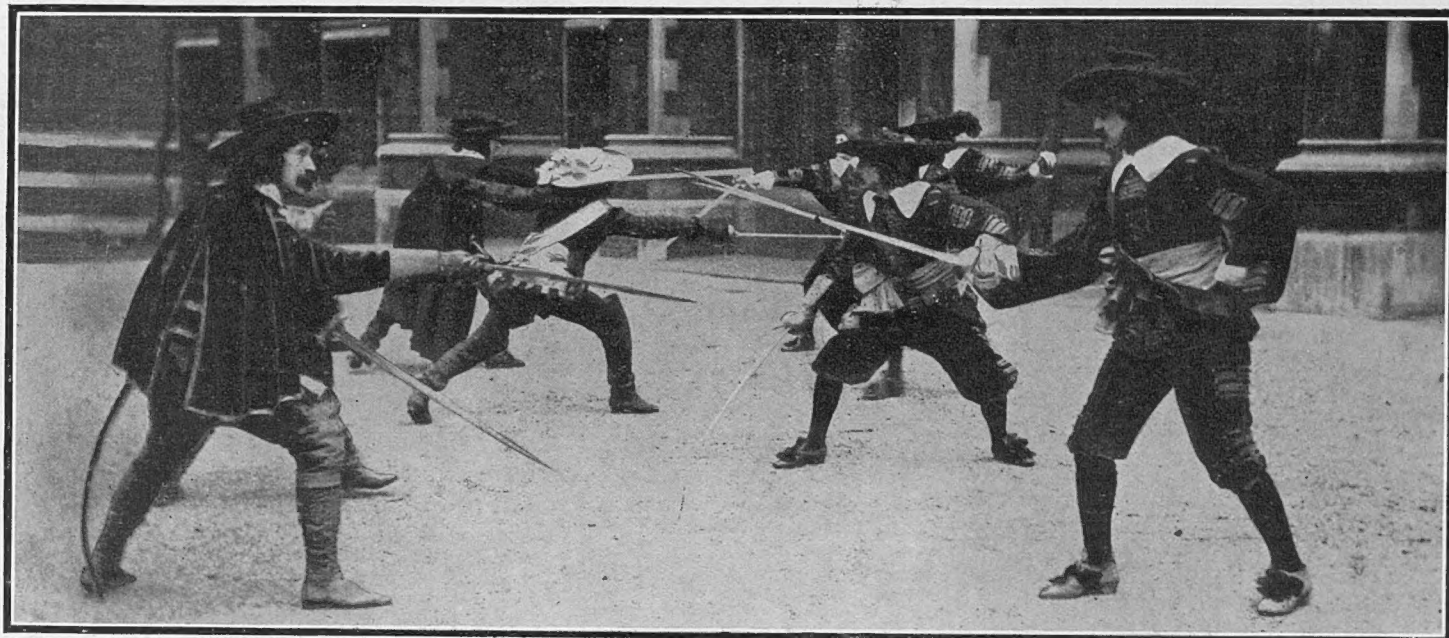
2. A MUMMY IN THE MAKING (PROBABLY INTENDED TO IMITATE AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY).

3. and 4. PARTLY FINISHED MUMMIES.

5. A GROUP OF IMITATION MUMMIES AND "FAKE" INDIAN RELICS.

Our photographs illustrate the carrying on of an ingenious fraud—the making of artificial mummies for sale to unsuspecting curio-collectors as the genuine thing. It is difficult, of course, to obtain precise details of the method of manufacture and of the markets for which the artificial mummies are intended. It is likely, however, that the partially swathed mummies with the cords across their breasts are destined for Egypt, while the others are probably intended to show the mummified remains of Indians. In the border are photographs of "fake" Indian relics. [Photographs by G. Grantham Bain.]

INCIDENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



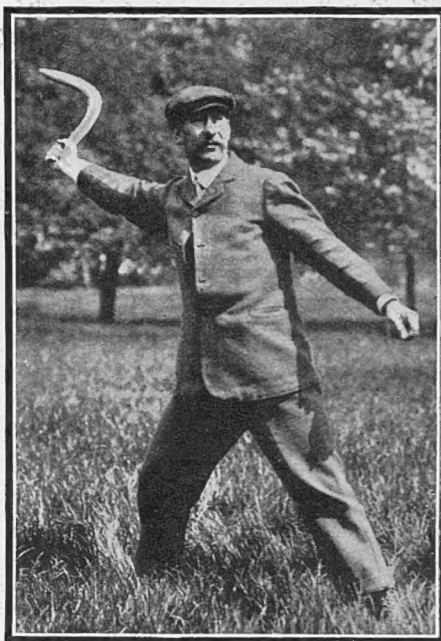
"THE DUEL IN ALL AGES," AT THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN'S FÊTE: THE FAMOUS FIGHT BETWEEN THE MUSKETEERS AND THE CARDINAL'S GUARD IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS."

Photograph supplied by Bolak.



TROUBADOUR TO THE QUEEN:
MR. SVEN SCHOLANDER.

Mr. Scholander, the Swedish troubadour, is to sing before the Queen at Buckingham Palace immediately after her Majesty's return. He has visited most of the Courts of Europe.



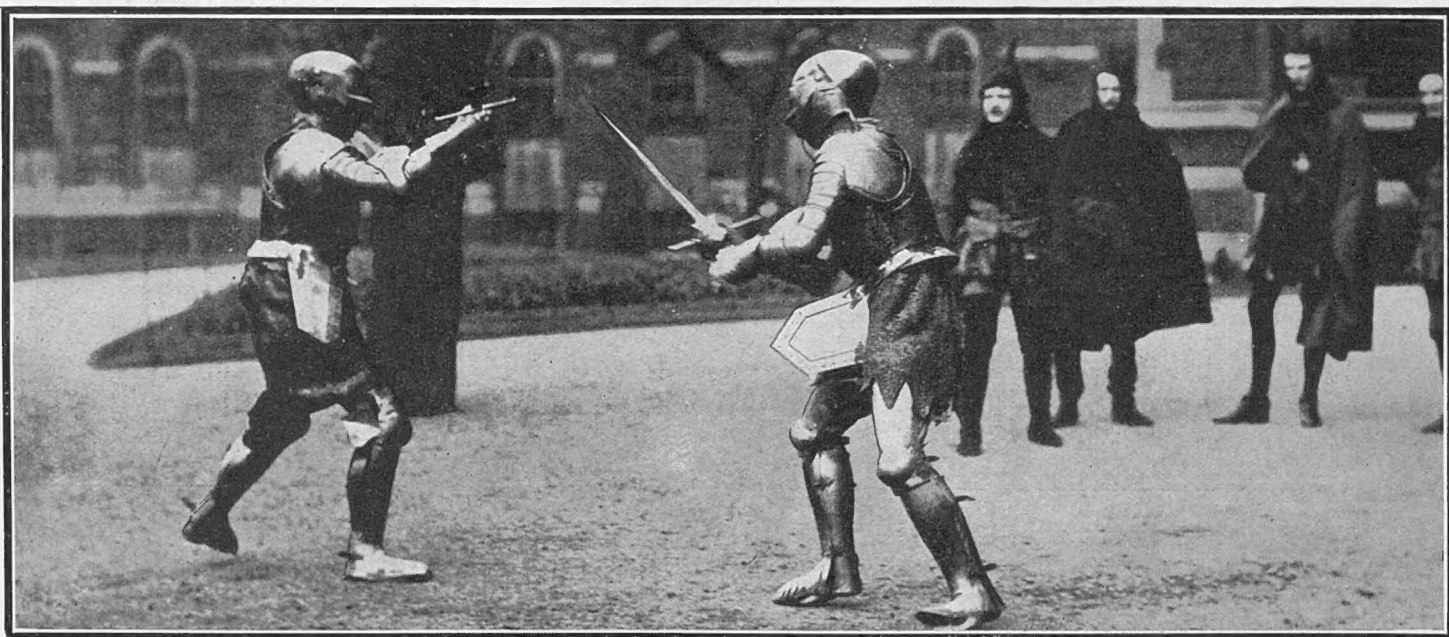
LEARNING TO SWERVE? ALBERT TROTT
THROWING THE BOOMERANG.

Albert Trott, the famous "swerve" bowler, who took his benefit last week, is an expert boomerang-thrower. On Wednesday last he did the hat trick twice in one innings.—[*Photograph by Halfpence, Ltd.*]



THE NEW LEADING LADY AT THE HAY-MARKET: MISS MARIE LÖHR.

Miss Löhr, who is still in her teens, has been playing ingénue parts with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and appeared also as Rosie in "Colonel Newcome." She is the daughter of Miss Kate Bishop.—[*Photograph by Window and Grove.*]

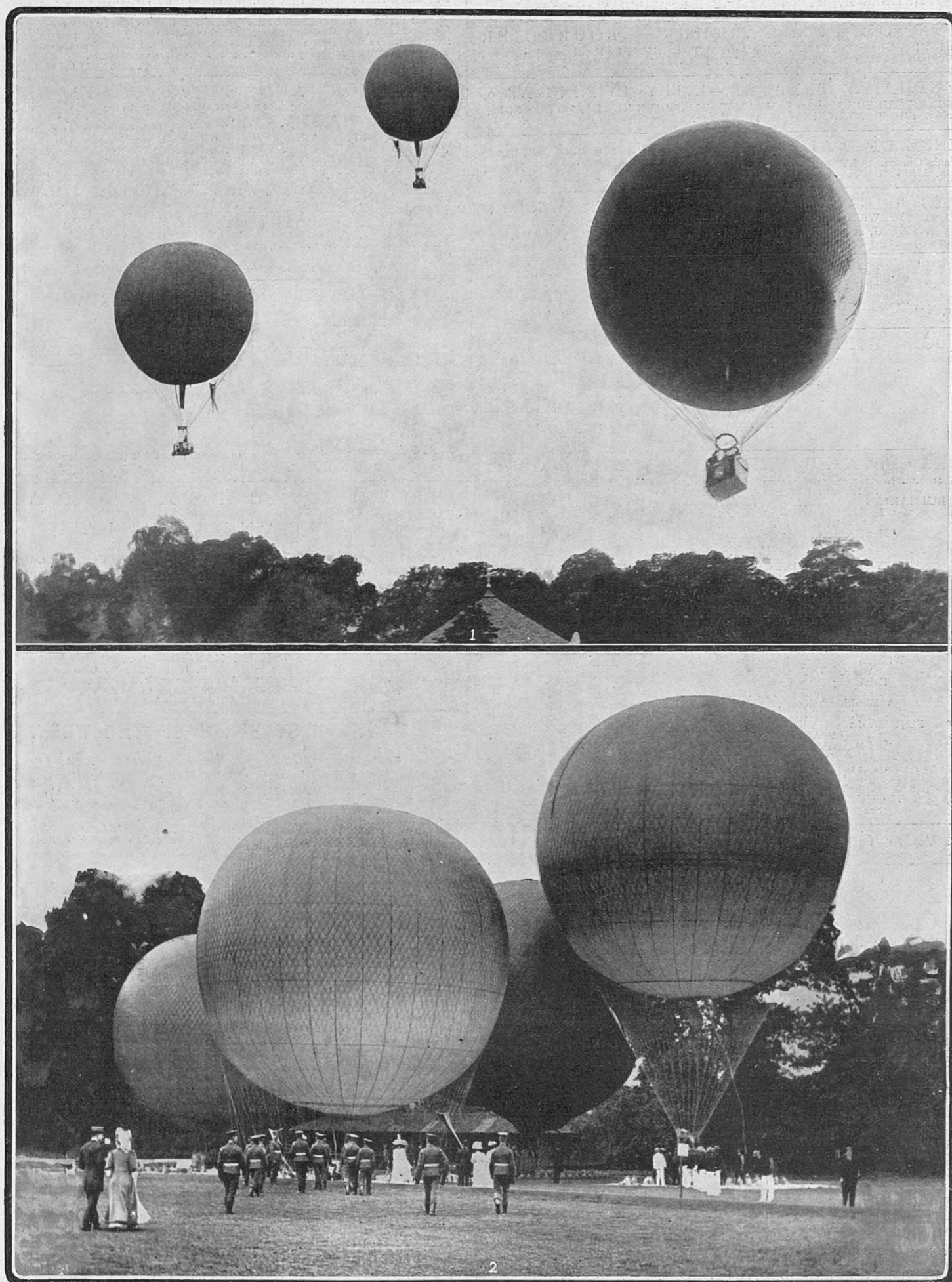


"THE DUEL IN ALL AGES," AT THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN'S FÊTE: CAPTAIN GRAHAM HOPE AND MR. ROBERT A. SMITH IN THE TWO-HANDED SWORD COMBAT.

Photograph supplied by Bolak.

CURRENT - CATCHING AS AN ART:

THE GREAT BALLOON RACE FROM RANELAGH.



1. CLEARING THE TREES: COMPETITORS STARTING ON THEIR WAY TO GORING.

2. IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE START: THE SCENE IN THE RANELAGH CLUB GROUNDS.

The race for the Harbord Cup was most successful. Ten of the eleven competitors started, and the contest was won by Mr. Frank H. Butler in the "Dolce far Niente," Colonel Capper's "Pegasus" being second, and the Hon. C. S. Rolls's "Nebula" third. The prize went to the aeronaut who succeeded in descending nearest to a given point—on this occasion Goring Railway Station. Mr. Butler landed only a hundred yards from the winning-post. The greatest skill was needed to catch favourable air-currents, for on their ability to do this depended the chances of the aeronauts.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by the Topical Press.

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DOCTOR JOHNSON, by Leo Trevor. MATINEE TO-DAY and SAT. 2. LAST WEEK.**WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING AT 9,**FRANK CURZON Presents JAMES WELCH in WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.
At 8.15, THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE. MATINEES WED. and SAT. at 2.30.**PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,**Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8, FRANK CURZON'S New Musical
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Western, Great Northern, Great Central, and Midland Railways. A Special Through Train will
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1820. H. G. Keene, C.I.E., Hon. M. A.
(Oxon.) 15s.

HEINEMANN.
A Guide to Modern Cookery. A. Escoffier.
12s. 6d. net.

The House of Defence. E. F. Benson. 6s.

BLACKWOOD.
The Daft Days. Neil Munro. 6s.

Daniel Deronda. George Eliot. 3s. 6d. net.

EDWARD ARNOLD.
The Golden Hawk. Edith Rickert. 6s.

SMITH, ELDER.
Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther.
By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her
German Garden." 6s.

WARD, LOCK AND CO.
Margery Manesty. Oswald Wildridge. 6s.
CASSELL.
Captain Latimer. Frank Frankfort-Moore.
6s.

ELLIOT STOCK.
Penn's Country. E. S. Roscoe. 4s. 6d.

HENRY J. DRANE.
Sons of Valour. Kate Stanway. 1s.

Metrical Tales and Talk. Alfred E.
Newby. 3s. 6d.

FORSTER GROOM.
Reflections of a Frivolous Philosopher.
Carle Foin. 2s. 6d.

JAMES NISBET.
My Golfing Reminiscences. Harold H.
Hilton. 2s. 6d. net.

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Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch,"
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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

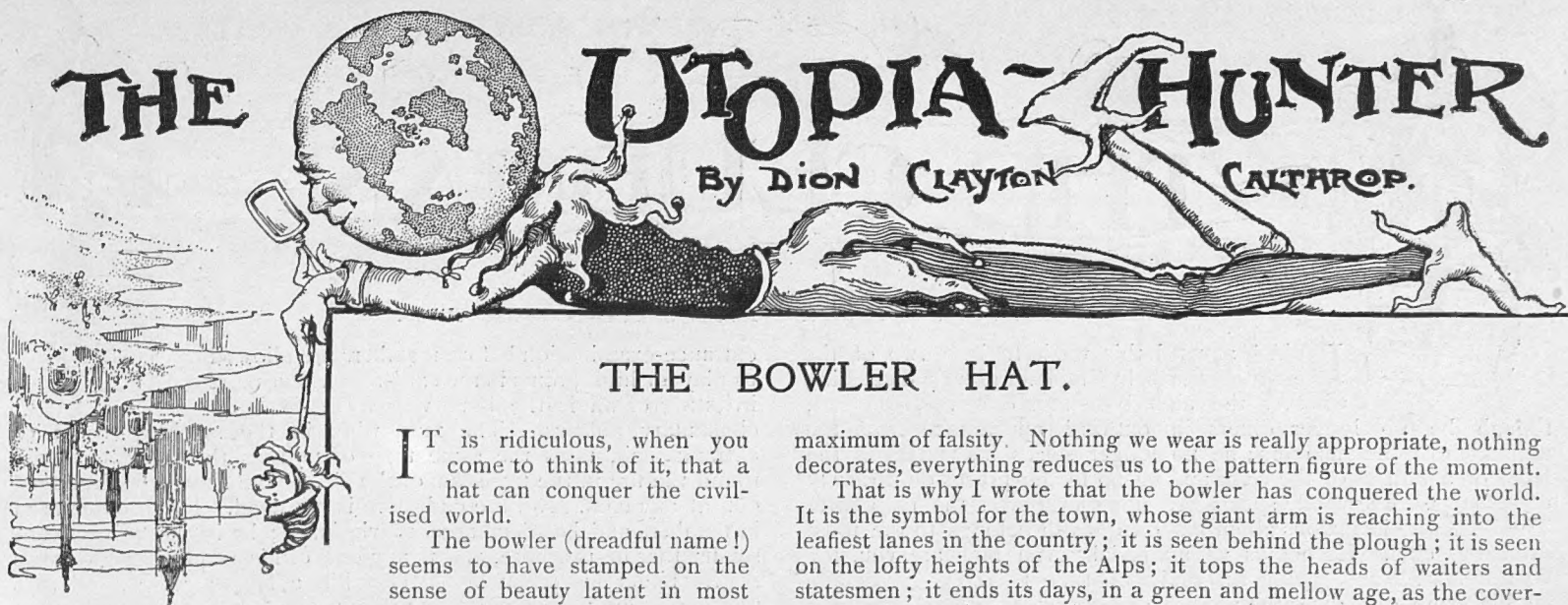
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THE BOWLER HAT.

IT is ridiculous, when you come to think of it, that a hat can conquer the civilised world.

The bowler (dreadful name!) seems to have stamped on the sense of beauty latent in most nations. It is, goodness knows

why, accepted in Japan, in remote districts of the Basque country, in the slums of Paris, in the most ancient of Greek cities. And it is the last word in hideousness.

One is forced to believe that the bowler hat symbolises the general state of the world and its relation to the doctrine of beauty.

But then man as a man has no feeling for humour or art, the two saving graces of all ages.

Consider, I beg you, yourself in the headgear you elect to wear; you cut a ludicrous figure, and neither your sense of humour nor your feelings for any standard of beauty seem to save you.

A hard, un-ventilated, unprepossessing, hair-ruining, hopeless piece of hatter's horror!

People, I find, refuse to take beauty seriously, women least of all. Fashion, that grim tyrant, pulls them unmercifully by the nose, and if it occurred to milliners to introduce boot-jacks for headgear, or rats' heads for dress ornaments, the really crazy devotees of fashion would wear the things in all seriousness.

I should not like to swear to it, but I am almost convinced that England is the mother of the bowler as we know it. The enthusiastic bowler-wearers cry that it came from Greece by way of Paris. If it did, shame, I say, upon Greece. England, with her dread of the peculiar, has managed to adopt the most peculiar and irrational attitude towards a national headgear. Every gentleman must have a bowler as surely as he must have a dress-suit; without a bowler and a dress-suit it is hardly possible to live in England. Without a dress-suit, indeed, a Duke might batter at the doors of Society, but they would never open. And if a Duke has the most beautiful short coat in the world, the very cream of tailoring, and no bowler he is as nothing. Ugliness is always conventional and beauty knows no rules, but there are unwritten laws in England binding men with leaden chains to the follies of fashion.

If we wear a soft felt hat, what suspicions arise; we become outcasts or artists, Piccadilly will frown at us—for to be proclaimed artist in this country is to be proclaimed vagabond. Still, you know, we are a wonderfully well-dressed people after the tailor's idea—that is to say, we are dressed in the minimum of comfort and the

maximum of falsity. Nothing we wear is really appropriate, nothing decorates, everything reduces us to the pattern figure of the moment.

That is why I wrote that the bowler has conquered the world. It is the symbol for the town, whose giant arm is reaching into the leafiest lanes in the country; it is seen behind the plough; it is seen on the lofty heights of the Alps; it tops the heads of waiters and statesmen; it ends its days, in a green and mellow age, as the covering for the turnip head of a scarecrow. All over Europe and in the farthest East the deadly sway of the bowler hat holds men in thrall—the crown of man civilised; not the burnished top-hat of ceremonies, but the pot-hat of commerce.

Man, I said once before in these columns, is a ridiculous object. Now I say the crowning folly of him is his bowler hat.

Oh, this mediocre, money-grabbing, two-penny-ha'penny age!

There was a time when one saw, or could have seen, the dominating power of Rome in all civilised places: one could have seen the wonderful brickwork, the sign of good roads, the beginnings of the stately toga. There was a time when Italy held the world with drama and poetry and pictures, when to be Italian was to be civilised, to have great good taste was to be Italian. Now England is marked on the map by a series of bowlers and a Cockney accent. In years to come, when taste is revived, the people of those days will say, "See how London once



[DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.]

THE MARBLE SHOP: WHY NOT COMPLETE THE SCHEME BY DRESSING SHOP-WALKERS AND ASSISTANTS IN APPROPRIATE COSTUMES?

A well-known firm has decided to build a magnificent shop faced with marble taken from quarries which flourished for many years B.C., were finally shut down in 400 A.D., and were reopened recently. Our artist suggests that the idea might well be carried further in the manner shown.

ruled the world: she imposed her headgear on thousands—even to-day villagers wear curious hats they call bowlers when they go to church." What an epitaph!

The optimist—and who is not an optimist at heart?—sees before him a Golden Age like a sunrise lighting a new world. He sees the bowler gone, dead, discarded. He sees women dressed each after her secret longing, and not in some torturing fashion. He sees man as a dignified creature returning to hood and cloak, garments which he has only put by in his wardrobe after a use of eighteen hundred years (to have stood that test of time should have made them as sacred as Westminster Abbey), and he sees, in the museums, the relics of our departed ugliness.

Hatters, I appeal to you, destroy the bowler utterly, and cast it from you, for when you do poets and great men, and fine architects and wonderful statesmen will arise as if by magic and don some fine new shape of hood which I shall leave to my betters to design. Tailors, I appeal to you to give us freedom and fine colours. Bootmakers, allow us to use our feet. Shirtmakers, away with your awful armour-fronted abomination. Barbers, give us back the beauty of our hair.

All ye who stand by Fashion's throne, privately I say it to you, knock down the bowler from its lofty place.



THE CLUBMAN

CLUB BORES: THE VARIOUS SPECIES—INDIAN UNREST—POISONING WELLS.

I WAS amused this week to hear two of the greatest bores in Clubland gravely discussing whether the club bore still exists. He exists, though he no longer differs in outward appearance from the remainder of the members; he no longer seizes his victims by the lapel or a button of the coat, and he no longer prosed on a variety of subjects. Everybody specialises nowadays, even the club bore. The bore who is anxious about his own health belongs to the most numerous clan. He begins with a jovial "And how are you, my dear fellow?" and, giving his victim no time to reply, he details all his symptoms, gives the address of his doctor—a devilish clever fellow—and says which foreign watering-place he is going to. His victim may have gout, weak heart, and neuritis, and may have symptoms most interesting to himself, but he is never given a chance to state them. The greatest of all club bores of to-day is the bore with a permanent ailment.

The golf bore comes second only in his power of causing weariness; but the speculative bore is perhaps the most persistent of all club bores, for his subject is inexhaustible.

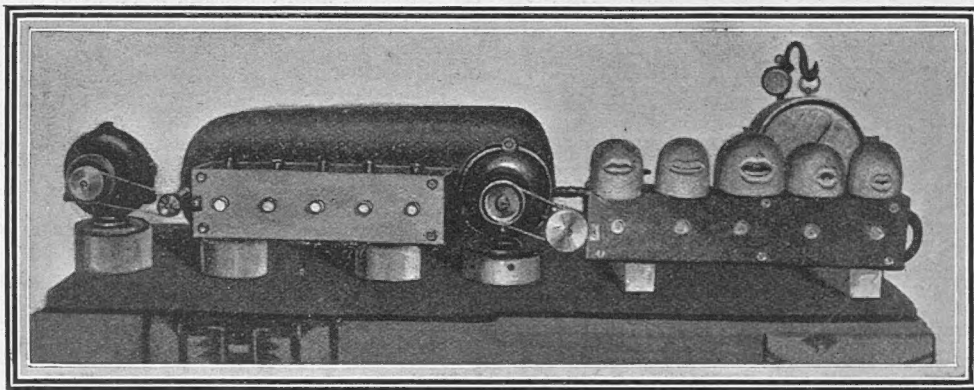
"You do not speculate—sensible fellow?"—half-query, half-assertion, is his usual opening, and whatever the answer may be, he insists on telling you how he has dropped five thousand pounds this year over tips he has got from other members of the club; how old Tommy this had a nephew in Central Africa who had written to him about the discovery of a wonderful copper mine, how half the club sold copper shares on the strength of this information, and up went the price of copper at once; how old Bill someone else had heard direct from the President of an American railroad that

entrance-examination before members are allowed to play for high points in the card-room. But most irritating of all is the bore who holds forth on elementary politics. The man who, in the smoking-room or entrance-hall, talks the same type of politics that yokels discuss round the fire in the tap-room of the village inn should be drummed out of any club. No, the club bore is not dead. He has increased in numbers and has decreased in virulence; he is blissfully unconscious that he is a bore, and if any one of his acquaintances grows restive under his prosiness he calls him a fidgety fellow, and says that nerves are the curse of the present age.

It behoves every man to catechise himself occasionally, and if he has one subject which interests him more than any other, to consider whether he does not inflict that subject too frequently and at too great a length on his acquaintances.

The depths of the ignorance of the Indian villagers are almost unbelievable. That any of the subjects of Great Britain should imagine that the Government wished to exterminate them seems almost ridiculous, but the peasants who swarmed into Lahore

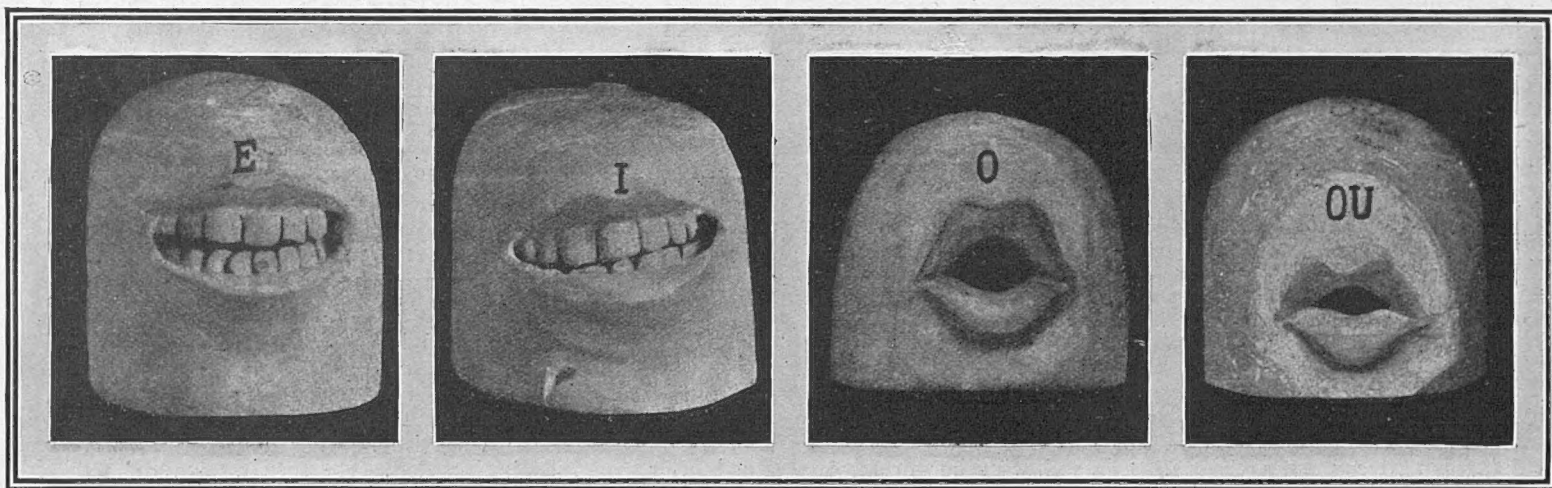
armed with staves thoroughly believed that they had come there to fight for their lives. To poison a well is outside all rules of warfare. Our peace overtures to Nepal at the close of our war with that country nearly a century ago were almost wrecked by the discovery that the Nepalese had poisoned a spring, and throughout India the crime of tampering with a well is looked upon with special detestation. Nothing could have brought greater hatred upon the British Raj than to have been suspected of poisoning all the wells, to kill the villagers wholesale, and of instructing the doctors and the civil



A MACHINE THAT TALKS: TWO OF DR. MARAGE'S SIRENS, WITH A SET OF THE ARTIFICIAL MOUTHS THROUGH WHICH THE SOUNDS ARE EMITTED.

Dr. Marage's siren produces sounds that imitate accurately those of the various vowels both when spoken and sung. Air is blown through artificial mouths, and the resulting sounds, as we have noted, correspond with the sounds of the human voice. The machine is designed for gauging the sharpness of the sense of hearing in different individuals.

Reproduced by courtesy of the "Scientific American."



THE MOUTH FOR PRODUCING THE SOUND OF THE FRENCH "E" (ENGLISH "A," AS IN "MAKE").

THE MOUTH FOR PRODUCING THE SOUND OF THE FRENCH "I" (ENGLISH "E").

THE MOUTH FOR PRODUCING THE VOWEL-SOUND "O."

THE MOUTH FOR PRODUCING THE SOUND OF THE FRENCH "OU" (ENGLISH "OO," AS IN "MOON.")

ARTIFICIAL MOUTHS. BY MEANS OF WHICH VARIOUS VOWEL-SOUNDS ARE UTTERED.

Reproduced by courtesy of the "Scientific American."

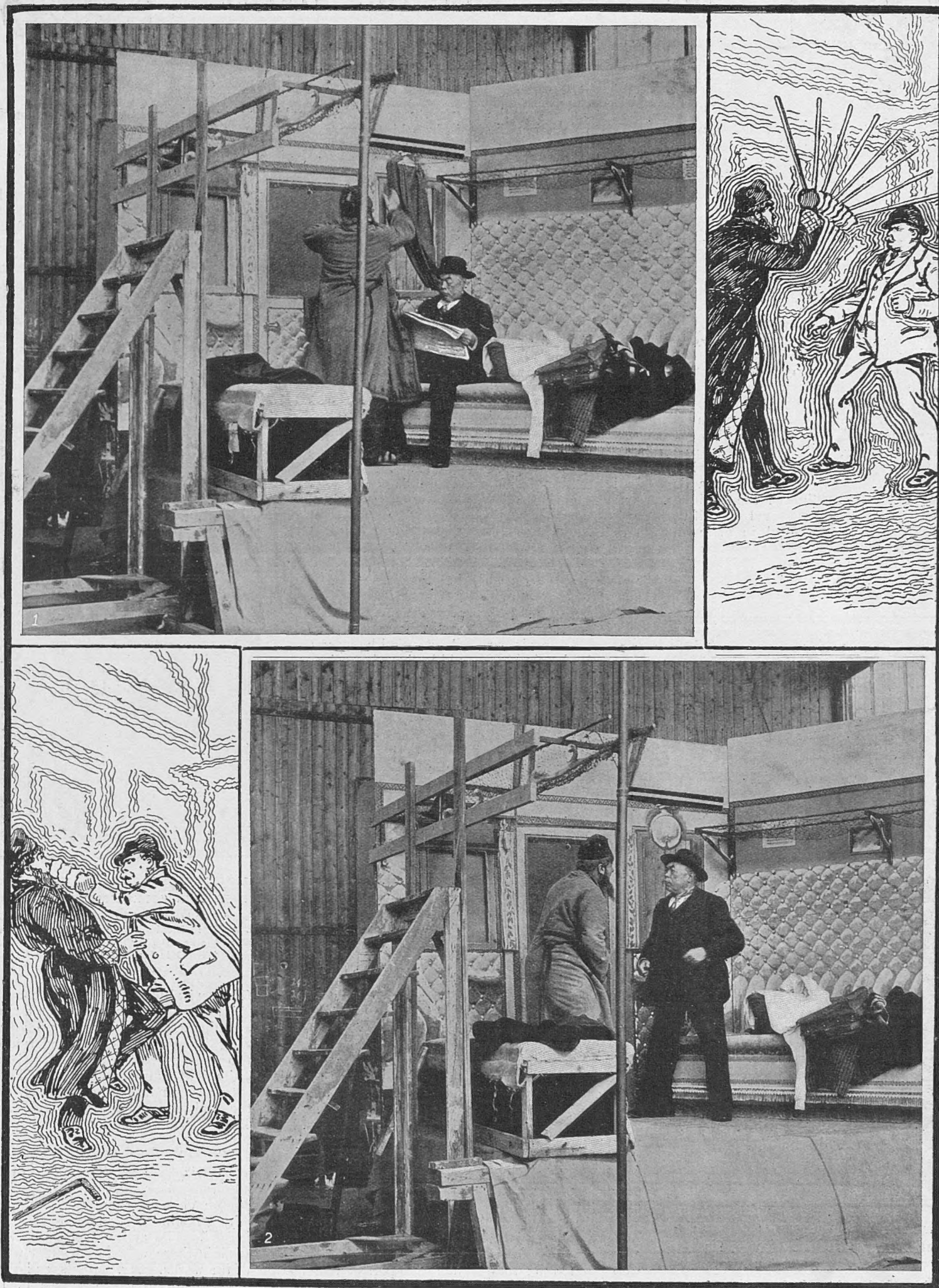
Americans were going to boom, and how all the men in the club with a little money had followed the tip and had gone broke over it.

There is the bridge bore, who springs on one in the hall a problem which presented itself five minutes before in the card-room, and details at length other problems which have been solved by him, and further suggests that there should be an

officials to say falsely that the plague was the cause of the deaths of all the thousands of victims. The agitator who invented this diabolical lie deserves far greater punishment than is likely to be meted out to him, and his ingenuity in sending an accomplice, as a pretended emissary of the Government, to drop balls of some composition into the wells shows to what length our enemies in India will go.

A TRAIN TRAGEDY IN A STUDIO:

FAKING A SENSATIONAL INCIDENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MOVING-PICTURE MAKER.



1. THE VICTIM READS HIS PAPER WHILE THE ASSAILANT GIVES A FINAL TOUCH TO THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE BEFORE THE CAMERA IS SET WORKING.

2. THE FIRST ACT IN THE IMITATION TRAGEDY: THE ASSAILANT BEGINS TO PROVE AGGRESSIVE.

The ingenuity of the maker of moving-pictures knows no end. Tragedy and comedy scenes alike are faked with ease, and in most cases the resulting films are remarkable for their apparent truth. Our illustrations depict a tragedy scene in the making, an imitation railway carriage being erected in the photographer's studio for the purpose.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.



"THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG"—"THE LAST OF HIS RACE"—
"A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE."

EVERYBODY seems to think "The Girls of Gottemberg" the best of recent Gaiety pieces, which appears to be about the truth. For Mr. George Grossmith junior and Mr. L. E. Berman have been so lucky as to find a ready-made plot in the story of the cobbler of Köpenick, with the result that the work has an unwonted coherence and quite a comic basis. There have been complaints of a lack of wit in the dialogue, but the charge is really ill founded. There is wit and wit, and the wit of musical comedy is not to be judged by the standard of wit in true comedy. Quite lately I read that a low comedian at Daly's caused roars of laughter by saying "on the outskirts of the crowd," where his witless predecessor in the part had merely said "on the outskirts of the crowd." Obviously people who welcome this kind of thing do not want subtleties or epigrams, but simple, obvious jokes, not considered any the worse if they happen to be elderly, provided that they have lately taken a holiday. As Max Modellkopf, Mr. Edmund Payne has a part that suits him admirably, and the house is in almost constant laughter whilst he is impudently swaggering about in Gottemberg, making himself lord of the place, though only a hairdresser masquerading. Gaiety-haunters can easily picture to themselves his broad, agile humours in such a character, and he plays it as Walton bade anglers to handle the frog. Miss Gertie Millar has apparently made a quick recovery, for she even indulged in a dance, and her singing and acting throughout delighted the audience. Mr. George Grossmith junior has not, perhaps, treated himself very well—at least, as Prince Otto he does not succeed in giving any very fresh tone to his energetic acting. Mr. Robert Nainby, the one character who talked with a German accent, was bright and ingenious in his performance as Brittlbottl. Miss May de Sousa, by her dainty singing and

charm, gave an agreeable note of prettiness to the piece. One of the best features is the graceful dancing of Miss Kitty Mason. The music of Mr. Ivan Caryll and Mr. Lionel Monckton is in their customary popular style, and includes some of the brightest numbers written by them for a long time.

Drury Lane has discovered a new country, and its latest drama deals exclusively with Red Indians, with only a suggestion of a white man to give a motive for one of the main incidents in a highly complicated plot. The inhabitants of this new country do not, however, behave in a manner very different from the ordinary heroes and villains of Drury Lane; and it is perhaps well that they should not. They are very picturesque, and the patterns of their blankets and the cut of their trousers are most attractive; they are surrounded by scenery which is a credit to the artists who painted it; they

unfortunately, Mr. Donald MacLaren, the author, has not succeeded in breathing any noticeable quantity of poetry into it, and so all excuse for its rhapsodical character is gone, and it only impedes what might otherwise be a fairly exciting plot.

This plot ought, however, to prove attractive, unless the world is growing older than it looks. It is a pathetic story, and we have seen the same sort of thing before. Not that that matters: there should be great numbers who will take delight in the sad history of Adulola, who had to choose a husband, and could only choose the man who was hated of all the tribe and who, by an unhappy fate, was compelled to cherish a deadly hatred of her father, and could only join her, after three striking tableaux, in the regions of the blest. There is an excellent murder (with a hatchet), a burning at the stake (with real smoke), and a dagger fight (with certain on-lookers realistically, and perhaps unnecessarily, naked to the waist); and Mr. Reeves-Smith plays an old Indian with an impressive and sonorous appreciation of the importance of the occasion. Mr. Lyn Harding and Mr. Basil Gill make two admirable braves, in all the glory of war-paint; Miss Esmé Beringer, as a wicked squaw, is fiercely intense and wholehearted in wickedness; and Miss Constance Collier plays the heroine with some power.

At His Majesty's Mr. Tree has revived Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance." The revival has been long in coming, and it is curious that we should have had to wait for such a time. As a characteristic effort of the author's genius it is by no means equal to "The Importance of Being Earnest" or "Lady Windermere's Fan." It has, for one thing, too much plot of a conventional and melodramatic kind; but it is in its lighter and more conversational moments, when the author is not making a vain attempt to persuade us to take him seriously, that the real virtue of the play lies. And though fourteen years have elapsed, that virtue is still very great. Certain expedients, such as the inversion of proverbs, have become a little threadbare, if they were not threadbare to begin with; but many even of Wilde's inverted proverbs strike one as the sudden revelation of a truth. His extraordinarily dazzling wit, however, sparkled in many other ways, and when the characters are not struggling with the plot the exhibition of fireworks in "A Woman of No Importance" is very fascinating indeed. The acting has by this time probably improved; on the first night there was at times a slowness due to imperfect recollection of the words. Mr. Tree is, as he was in the past, a courtly Lord Illingworth, and made most of the epigrams go off successfully, though one or two fizzled here and there; Miss Marion Terry, without epigrams, is a perfect Mrs. Arbuthnot; epigrams and wit sparkle radiantly from the brilliant performances of Mrs. Charles Calvert and Miss Ellis Jeffreys; and Miss Tree manages to make something of the American heiress in revolt against Society.



"LADY TATTERS," AT THE SHAFTESBURY:
MISS CLAUDIA LASELL AS TATTERS.

Photograph by Bassano.

have beautiful and musical names, all made to run to the "Hiawatha" metre, such as Lonawonda, Sheanagua, Niatawa, and Adulola; and they speak what sounds like blank verse with much dignity and a full sense of the importance of the occasion. On the whole, the dialogue would be better if it were frankly prose. It ought, of course, to be full of poetic imagery, for it certainly does not aim at being a realistic rendering of Red Indian conversation; but,



MR. MARTIN HARVEY'S SEASON AT THE ADELPHI:
MR. HARVEY IN "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS."

The season is to begin on June 3, and will last for four weeks. "The Breed of the Treshams," "Great Possessions" (a new play), "The Corsican Brothers," and "The Only Way" will be played.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

BARBER AND LEECH: MR. DAN ROLYAT IN "TOM JONES."



THE POPULAR COMÉDIAN AS BENJAMIN PARTRIDGE—SOME STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.



SECRETARY OF THE RAINBOW
BAZAAR: MRS. GERALD MAUDE.

Mrs. Maude is an aunt by marriage of Mr. Cyril Maude, and her husband is well known as the Secretary of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

The Rainbow Bazaar will be opened to-day (Wednesday, the 29th) at Prince's by the Duchess of Connaught, and a host of great ladies, including Lady Salisbury and Lady Yarborough, have stalls.

An Aeronaut's Woes. We need not fear any general emulation of the feat of the belle of New Haven who went up like a rocket the other day and came down with a bump. Aeronautics is not yet a sufficiently exact science for ladies to risk their pretty necks parachuting from the central blue. The pastime has never become exceedingly popular with the other sex. There is not enough money in it. People who have not paid at the gate have just as good a sight of the mid-air proceedings—which, after all, are the things that mainly count—as those who have passed the turnstiles. This was the sad discovery of a man who threw up a lucrative berth in a respectable firm to go cloud-chasing for lucre. His bills bade the people all come in. But they would not; they lined the hill tops and covered the house-tops, and looked on for nothing. His going up was all right, but the return was just how the cantilever bridge works under all sorts of conditions

MRS. GERALD MAUDE is one of the most charming of the ladies who will endeavour to make the Rainbow Bazaar a success to-day. *Née* Miss Briscoe Ray, Mrs. Maude is aunt by marriage to the popular actor-manager of the Playhouse, and her distinguished husband is well known in the philanthropic world as the secretary of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society. The Rainbow Bazaar

and, as their young parents are devoted to Burghley House, their two children spend most of their time out of town. The elder of the two, Lady Letitia Sibell Winifred Cecil, is nearly four years old, and her birth was made the occasion of almost as much rejoicing as if she had been the son and heir who followed so soon after.

A New Playground for Princes.

Spain, in spite of its reputation for bad roads and worse roadside inns, is developing into a new playground both for princes and for those happy folk who can spend a fortune each year in making motoring tours on the Continent. Many well-known people have been enjoying the manifold picturesque beauties of the most unspoilt country—from the artistic and romantic point of view—in Europe; and at the present moment Lord and Lady Castlereagh are motoring through Spain, while the Duke and Duchess of Portland are about to follow their example. The young King is not only an enthusiastic motorist, but he does all in his power to attract users of horseless carriages to his dominions.

A Famous Living Statue. There is one living group of living statuary which the censors of those at the "halls" will not feel called upon to condemn. It is that group designed by the late Sir Benjamin Baker to illustrate the principle of the Forth Bridge. In it are three men—two seated upon chairs and one in the centre of the bridge.

With anchorages of bricks and properly adjusted sticks, they show just how the cantilever bridge works under all sorts of conditions



A 20TH-CENTURY DEVOTEE OF THE DRESS OF ANCIENT GREECE: MISS ISIDORA DUNCAN—A STATUETTE IN IVORY, MARBLE, AND ONYX.

Miss Duncan is known not only as a devotee of the dress of Ancient Greece, but as an interpreter of Greek dances.

The living picture was photographed, and has been built up for illustrations of lectures upon bridge-building in every civilised language. To make it more interesting, Sir Benjamin had for the central figure a little fellow from Japan, who at the time was a student engineer with him. He was destined to win fame as Kaichi Watanabe, president and engineer-in-chief of the principal railways of Japan. "The Mikado" may go, but the tableau with the student engineer of other days remains to fame.



DESCENDANTS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LORD TREASURER: LORD BURGHLEY AND LADY LETITIA SIBELL WINIFRED CECIL.

Photograph by Nichols.

Heir to all the Ages.

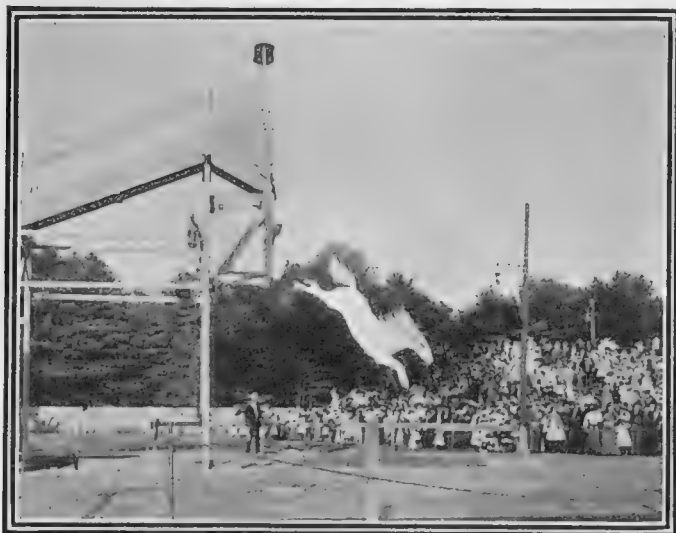
Little Lord Burghley and his sister, who is rather more than a year older than himself, may well be termed heirs to all the ages. The latest descendants of Queen Elizabeth's Lord Treasurer are blessed with an ideal country home "by Stamford Town,"



THE SON OF THE PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD AS GOLFER: TERENCE, THE TWO-YEAR-OLD SON OF DR. MACNAMARA, M.P., TAKING HIS FIRST LESSON IN DRIVING.

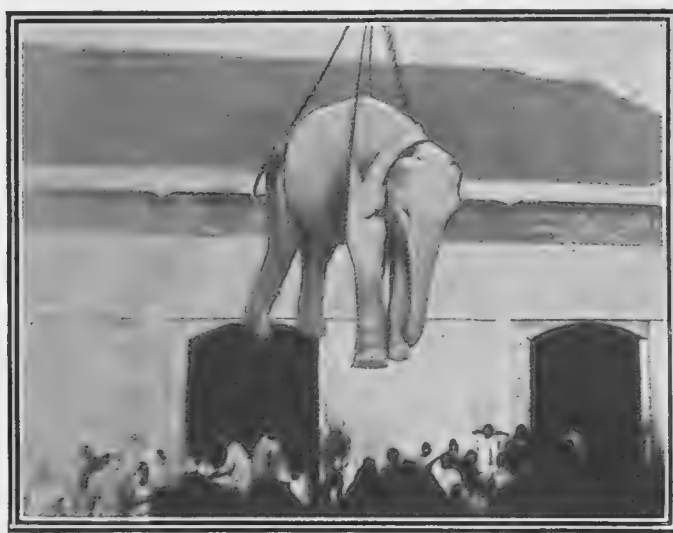


OUR WONDERFUL ANIMAL WORLD!



DIVING EXTRAORDINARY: A HORSE PLUNGING FROM A HIGH PLATFORM INTO A POOL OF WATER.

Photograph supplied by J. W. Thorp.



JUMBO IN MID-AIR: HOISTING AN ELEPHANT ON BOARD SHIP AT CALCUTTA.

Photograph supplied by the Topical Press.



"MUGGERS" THAT ARE TO BE EVICTED: THE CROCODILES IN THE PUSHKAR LAKE, WHICH ARE TO BE REMOVED TO THE GANGES.

The Pushkar Lake is visited by many Hindu pilgrims. It is infested with crocodiles, and these have become a source of great danger to those who bathe in the waters on ceremonial occasions. Religious principles forbid the killing of the crocodiles, and it is proposed, therefore, that they shall be removed either to the sea or, to the Ganges. It is suggested also that the lake, which is gradually being silted up, shall be restored at a cost of about £15,000.



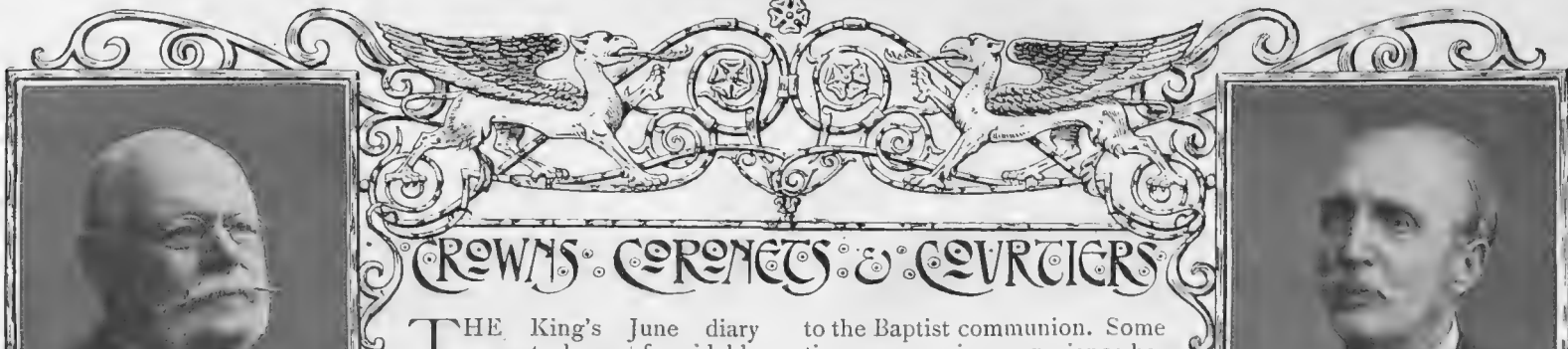
PREPARING FOR HIS CIRCUS CAREER: A YOUNG LION BEING TRAINED TO RIDE A TRICYCLE.

In the not very distant future young Leo will be one of a troupe of performing animals, and not the least accomplished of its members.



HALF DOG, HALF GO-CART: A TWO-LEGGED DOG IN THE CAR WHICH ENABLES HIM TO RUN ABOUT.

The dog has lost his hind-legs, and the carriage takes the place of these. He is to be seen in New York.—[Photograph by Kate Fragnell.]



A REIGNING DUKE WHO HAS JUST MADE £80,000 IN TEN DAYS: DUKE ERNEST OF SAXE-ALTENBURG.

The Duke and his brother, Prince Moritz, speculated in some American mining shares. The Duke, who celebrates his eighty-first birthday this year, is very popular and, it need hardly be said, a shrewd business man.

Denmark arrive, and during their brief stay in this country Court entertainments will follow one another with almost bewildering rapidity. Of these functions the most brilliant and enjoyable, from the point of view of the two Sovereigns and their Consorts, will undoubtedly be the Gala Performance at the Opera. On the 17th their Majesties visit Wellington College, and then will follow Ascot Week and the entertaining of a great house-party at Windsor Castle. During the last week of June the King will be the guest of Lord and Lady Yarborough, and visit in their company the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Lincoln.

A Political Ball-Hostess.

Viscountess Ridley is apparently going to become one of the great ball hostesses this season, for her dance will be one of the first brilliant functions of the kind taking place in June. She is doubly interested in politics, both as the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Wimborne and as the wife of Lord Ridley, who is an enthusiastic Tariff Reformer, and one of the pillars of Mr. Chamberlain's party. Lady Ridley has among her names the quaint and curious cognomens of Cornelia and Gwladys, and she named her younger daughter, born this last winter, Vivien. Lord and Lady Ridley live in one of the splendid houses in Carlton House Terrace; they also count among the great Northern magnates, for Blagdon is famed throughout Northumberland for its magnificent hospitality.



A POLITICAL BALL-HOSTESS: VISCOUNTESS RIDLEY.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.

THE King's June diary must show a formidable list of engagements, and his Majesty is enjoying a spell of rest at Sandringham before starting what promises to be the busiest month of the royal year. The June list of functions opens with the Derby Day dinner at Buckingham Palace; then the next day will see held the first Court of the Season, the invitations for which, it is said, were arranged as long ago as January.

On the 8th the King and Queen of

to the Baptist communion. Some time ago a curious experience befell Mrs. Rockefeller, the occasion being an entertainment given by the family to some forty members of young Mr. Rockefeller's Bible class. The members of the millionaire's family themselves prepared the meal in the kitchen, the young host and hostess carried in the dishes, and Mrs. Rockefeller herself handed round the cups of coffee. It was a hot day and the tray was heavy, but Mrs.



THE WIFE OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS MILLIONAIRE: MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

Photograph supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller.

The wife of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the man who rose from a humble station to be the richest man in the world, with an income which probably exceeds three pounds a minute, has a very little known personality. Nevertheless, it is abundantly clear that the great multi-millionaire could never have attained to his unique financial position without her constant help and sympathy. She certainly shares her husband's simplicity of life and his strong religious faith. It has been said that Mr. Rockefeller's household expenditure does not exceed a modest ten thousand a year, and it is known that he was long accustomed to teach in a Sunday school belonging

Rockefeller had no thought of giving in until all the guests were served. The joke was that one of the guests gravely offered her a tip—which, however, she was not allowed to pocket, for it was at once impounded for the church collection! This is worthy to be placed side by side with the story that the *Paris Matin*, having made a rough calculation of the value of Mr. Rockefeller's time, solemnly offered him a cheque for five thousand francs in payment for an interview of fifteen minutes. This so tickled the millionaire that he granted the interview for nothing.

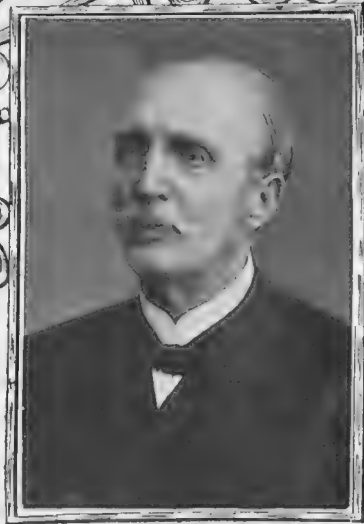
Patriotic Peers.

Now is the time when many patriotic peers allow their beautiful parks to be used as camping grounds during the annual Yeomanry training. This involves real self-denial, for the grass is terribly cut up by the erection of the necessary tents and the tramping of the men, while the deer are disturbed. A patriotic peeress, Lady Kinloss, has invited the Bucks Hussars, under the command of Colonel Harry Lawson, to go under canvas in her magnificent park of Stowe; and Lord Lonsdale is similarly entertaining the Cumberland and Westmorland Yeomanry at Lowther. In the South the Duke of Norfolk transforms beautiful Arundel Park into a miniature camp, and magnificent hospitality both for men and officers is dispensed from the Castle, for the Earl Marshal has always taken from boyhood upwards an

enthusiastic interest in the Sussex Yeomanry, with whom, it will be remembered, he went out to the War.

Miss Egerton Castle.

The only daughter of one of the most brilliant couples in the world of literature, Miss Egerton Castle inherits beauty from her mother, grace of movement from her father—the most noted fencer in Society—and the dramatic gift for which she has lately been famed from both her parents. At the present moment, in common with many of her friends and contemporaries—all débutantes of yesterday—Miss Egerton Castle is about to take part in the great fête organised by the Duchess of Albany at Claremont. Her remarkable histrionic gift will doubtless greatly contribute to the success of the beautiful masque which has been composed by Mr. Louis N. Parker as his gift to the fund.



A PRINCE WHO HAS JUST MADE £65,000 IN TEN DAYS: PRINCE MORITZ OF SAXE-ALTENBURG.

The Prince, who, as we have noted, shared his brother's luck, is in his seventy-eighth year. It is thought likely that his elder brother will abdicate in his favour, owing to his advancing years, but this is not yet confirmed.



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF TWO FAMOUS NOVELISTS: MISS EGERTON CASTLE.

Photograph by Thomson.

WOMAN AS MAN: THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AS IT MIGHT BE.



A STRIKING PORTRAIT OF MME. JANE DIEULAFOY IN A "SKETCH" SETTING.

Mme. Jane Dieulafoy is one of France's most distinguished daughters, and one of the three or four women who have been permitted by the French Government to wear men's clothes. She first adopted this costume when accompanying her husband on his archaeological journeys in Persia, work for which she was decorated with the Legion of Honour. She is a laureate of the French Academy. We do not profess, of course, that this page shows an actuality: we have placed Mme. Dieulafoy in the House of Commons in order to show how the House might appear if the ladies of England were allowed to sit in Parliament and took to wearing the clothes of the opposite sex.

(See paragraph on "World's Whispers" page.) Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

100,000,000 Tons of Rain in the Radius.

The late Sir Benjamin Baker, while justly proud of the great Assouan Dam, was always the first to show that its magnitude was only comparative; to point out that the deserts of Egypt must for ever remain deserts, that man can but a little extend the narrow strip of green running along the banks of the Nile. He once instituted an interesting comparison between the capacity of the Nile Reservoir and the rainfall of London. The capacity of the reservoir at Assouan is 1000 million tons of water; the annual rainfall on the area included within the four-mile cab radius of Charing Cross is about 100,000,000 tons. This means that the annual rainfall on London and its suburbs within a thirteen-mile radius would suffice to fill the reservoir.

The Great Leveller.

The Amateur Golf Championship, now in progress at St. Andrew's, ought to have a new interest for the powers that be at Oxford, if the game stands there as it stood upon a day when a deputation, representing the golfers, went humbly to pray that the "blue" might be granted for the ancient and royal game. "Golf?" was the answer. "Golf? What's golf?—something to eat?" What a wonderful awakening there would have been for the propounder of that question had he been committed for awhile to the keeping of a good example of Scots caddies. Caddies are a class apart—as full of humour, unconscious or deliberate, as the London cabbie of the fables. A delightful character was that to whom a visitor put the question: "Do you know the Lord Advocate?" "Och, ay," said the caddie; "he's a great frien' o' mine; naebody kens his Lordship better nor me — thae's his breeks I've on."

Simple Directness.

Everything in the nature of a Scots story is hung nowadays upon a golf caddie. They dig up old stories and adapt them for the purpose. But there were freakish sons of Caledonia before golf became popular with Tom, Dick, and Harry. There was a character of whom Sir Algernon West has told, a fellow who would have

delighted Scott. He was an old fisherman in the employ of Sir James Graham. The latter, of course, was a man of infinite importance in political and other circles—everywhere, as a fact, except in company of old Wilson, the fisherman. "Come oot of that, Jamie," he would cry to the statesman, when he thought him wading too deep. "Come oot o' that, or I'll come and pull ye oot." To the lady who was to become Duchess of Somerset he issued instructions in fishing with the same simple directness. "Slacken your line, Georgie. D— you, why don't ye slacken your line?" Terrible must have been the time of the poor sportsman in old Wilson's presence. "Pull his Lordship out," said his master, when a noble Lord had tumbled, not for the first time, into a bog. "Ach, let him bide; he's no worth the pulling out," answered the irate henchman.



AMERICA'S ONSLAUGHT ON A BRITISH BIRD: ACADIAN OWLS,
WHICH ARE BEING TRAINED TO KILL SPARROWS.

The British sparrow is becoming a pest in America, and the United States Government is doing its best to exterminate it. With this object in view it is breeding Acadian owls (determined enemies of the sparrow), in the hope that it will rid itself of the invader by natural means. The Acadian owl is better known, perhaps, as the saw-whet: it is so called from its rasping note, which suggests the sound made in sharpening or filing a saw. It is from 7½ to 8-inches long.

Photograph by the Tropical Press.

A Bishop as Bowler.

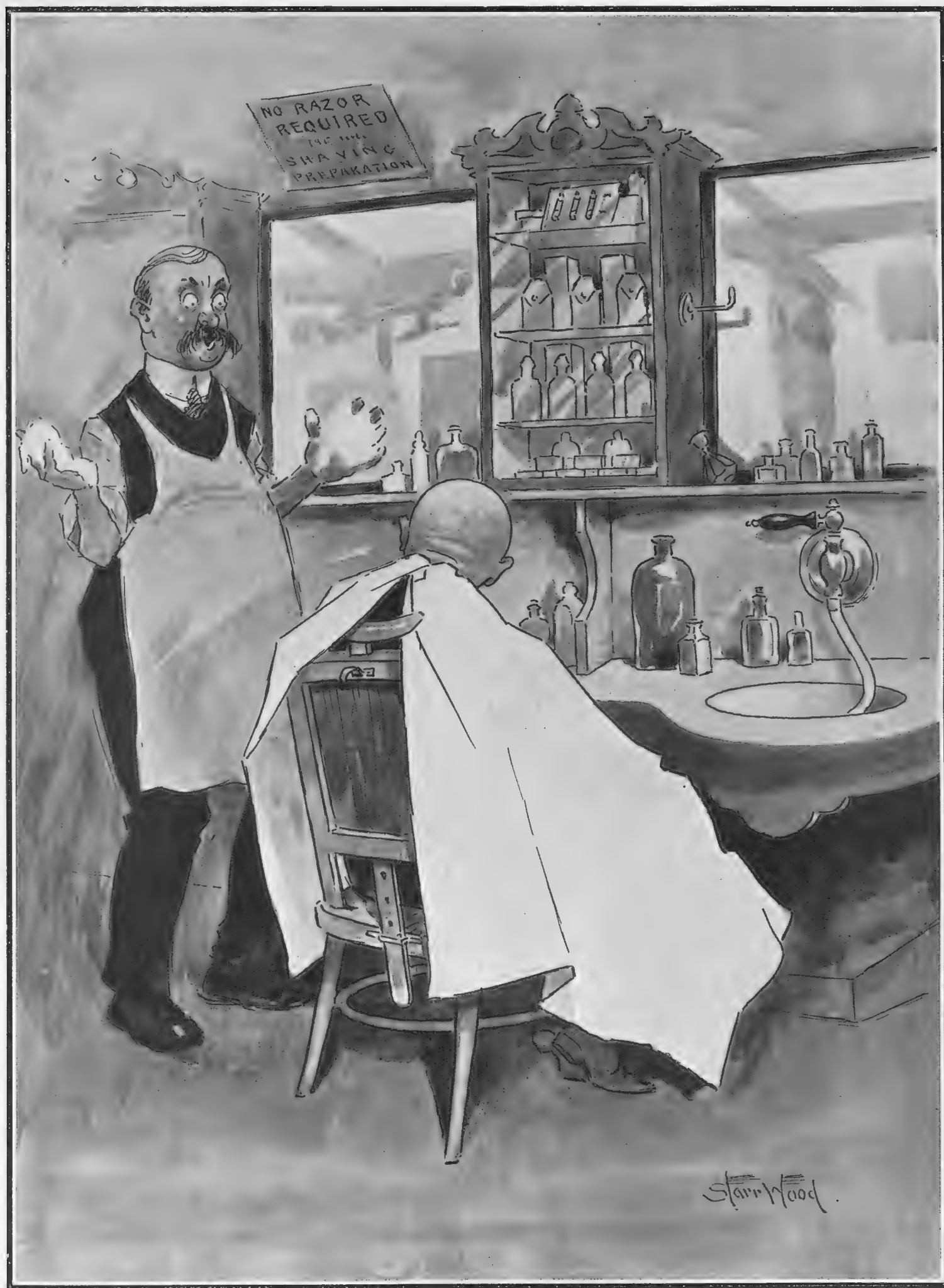
The big scores with which, in spite of last week's bitter weather, batsmen have opened the cricket season must set the captains of sides not strong in bowling seriously thinking. It is never right to say that the whole side is tied up until every man has bowled. The late Bishop of Southwell used to boast of a feat clearly emphasising the argument. It was his only achievement of note in the cricket-field, and he was entitled to his little whoop. The match was one between strong sides, and the Bishop's team included the Oxford captain of the time and a bowler from the county side. But the attack was completely mastered by a couple of big hitters. The Bishop timidly ventured to suggest that he, never having bowled in his life, might as well now have a shy. He took the ball, and off the first delivery got a man caught. The next ball dismissed a second batsman, and the third defeated the new-comer. This produced a scare, and two more wickets fell in the Bishop's next over, and a sixth to the first ball of the third. Six batsmen were sent back in eleven balls without a run scored. He never bowled again, and his record deserves to be noted by those who set store by such data.



THE VANISHING GONDOLA! A VENETIAN "CROWD."

There are those who say that the gondola is vanishing, and will soon be found only in museums. Such a scene as the one illustrated would seem to dispel the idea. The photograph was taken last month on the occasion of a children's festival at Venice.—[Photograph by Adolfo Croce.]

HAIR CUT—OR SHAVED!



THE ABSENT-MINDED BARBER (who has introduced the razorless-shaving powder into his saloon): I'm very sorry, Sir. I'm afraid I've been using the new shaving-powder in mistake for the shampoo.

"A demonstration of razorless shaving was given last week at the Cannon Street Hotel. This was rendered possible by a paste made from the newly introduced Razorless-Shaving Powder. A lather of the powder is applied to the chin, and allowed to remain there for some ten minutes. Lather and hair are then removed together by means of such blunt-edged articles as a lady's comb, a post-card or a shoehorn. It is stated, as a matter of fact, that the mere application of a sponge would do the work of the razor."

EXTRACT FROM "THE SKETCH."

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. CHARLES MAUDE, the latest Benedick of the theatre, whose marriage with Miss Nancy Price has brought him hosts of well-deserved congratulations, has reached the Playhouse not through the fact that, as his name suggests, he is related to Mr. Cyril Maude, but through many engagements which have proved his fitness for the comedy parts which are entrusted to him. He is one of the many Oxford graduates who have adopted the stage professionally, and with the O.U.D.S. he has played Claudio in "Much Ado," Orlando, and the Duke Orsino. The last-named was at a performance of "Twelfth Night" in the open air. During one of his waits Mr. Maude lighted his pipe and was smoking contentedly, when all of a sudden someone standing by heard the Duke's cue, and told him of it. In a moment the actor-spirit asserted itself. Mr. Charles Maude disappeared, and Orsino made his entrance.

Only—he had forgotten to leave Mr. Maude's pipe behind him, and the lovesick Duke, who might, perhaps, in a later age have toyed with a cigarette, stood with a meerschäum pipe in his hand declaiming the lines of his part. At length the Clown spied it, and called the Duke's attention to the fact. Mr. Maude threw his

beloved pipe into a hedge, in which, after the performance, he had to spend a quarter-of-an-hour groping before he could find it.

It was Mr. Bouchier, another of the O.U.D.S. men, who gave Mr. Maude his first engagement, by allowing him to walk on in "The Walls of Jericho," after which he went to Mr. Tree for awhile, before a "bright boy's" part in "Lady Betty" brought him to the notice of the critics.

Miss Kitty Gordon, whose success on the "halls" has been so great that she will remain on the variety stage for some time, must just now recall an incident which happened to her at this time of the year during her last tour in America. It was the end of May, and the weather was exceedingly warm, even for America. Thinking she had time before she left for the theatre to get a cold dip, of which she is immoderately fond, she threw on a bath-robe and went from her bed-room into the bath-room, which adjoined it. It was a small room, lighted by one great window of frosted glass, which opened out into the main thoroughfare. The heat being almost insufferable, Miss Gordon opened the lower window to its fullest extent, and pulled down the long spring-blind.

As she did so she noticed that the verandah opposite was occupied by several men playing poker, and their attention was directed towards the window by the noise of the descending blind. While Miss Gordon was in her bath her arm must have caught the spring-blind and pulled it, for it flew up noisily, the impetus making the cord wind round the roller. The situation was dramatic. It was indeed the most embarrassing moment of Miss Gordon's life. If she lifted her head above the level of the bath she would be in full view of the card-party opposite, and, as ill-luck would have it, her bath-robe was on a chair near the door, quite out of reach. So, too, was the bell. Presently a clock struck nine. She was due on the stage in a quarter of an hour. It was a situation which apparently offered no solution. Yet it needed to be solved and quickly. What was the actress to do? There

was only one thing to do for the moment—to remain crouched in the bath and wait for an inspiration. Ten minutes went by without the inspiration; then ten minutes more. The strain was becoming almost unbearable when Miss Gordon heard her maid's voice outside. She called, and, to her joy, discovered that she had omitted to lock the bath-room



[Photograph by Histed.]

THE LATEST THEATRICAL MARRIAGE: MRS. CHARLES MAUDE (MISS NANCY PRICE) AND MR. CHARLES MAUDE.

[Photograph by Bassano.]

The wedding took place very quietly before the registrar. Mr. Charles Maude, who is a cousin of Mr. Cyril Maude, is playing Freddy Gunner in "Teddies." Miss Nancy Price was the Mrs. Bowler in the same piece, recently appeared as Kitty Montmorency in "Mr. Sheridan," and is well known by her creation of Hilda Gunning in "Letty," and other parts.

door. It did not take the maid long to draw down the blind or Miss Gordon long to dress. As the clock was striking the half-hour the popular actress reached the theatre—fifteen minutes behind her time.

The statement of some of the critics that "The Last of His Race" is written in blank verse has surprised no one more than Mr. Donald MacLaren, the author, for he has never written a line of verse, blank or otherwise, in his life. The play itself might be described as Mr. MacLaren's tribute of admiration to the Indians, for he has for many years been keenly interested in the "Red Children of the Forest," as he calls them. As a boy, the Indians of Fenimore Cooper stirred his imagination, and a few years ago, while travelling in the Western States, he spent a week on an Indian reservation.

This play, it is interesting to note, is the second Mr. Donald MacLaren has had produced. The first was a Japanese fantasy called "The Garden of O Tito San," while his next, which is underlined for production in New York in the autumn, is a modern comedy with the title, "The Peach-Blow Vase."

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THE CONVICT AND THE RAT—A FAIRY STORY.



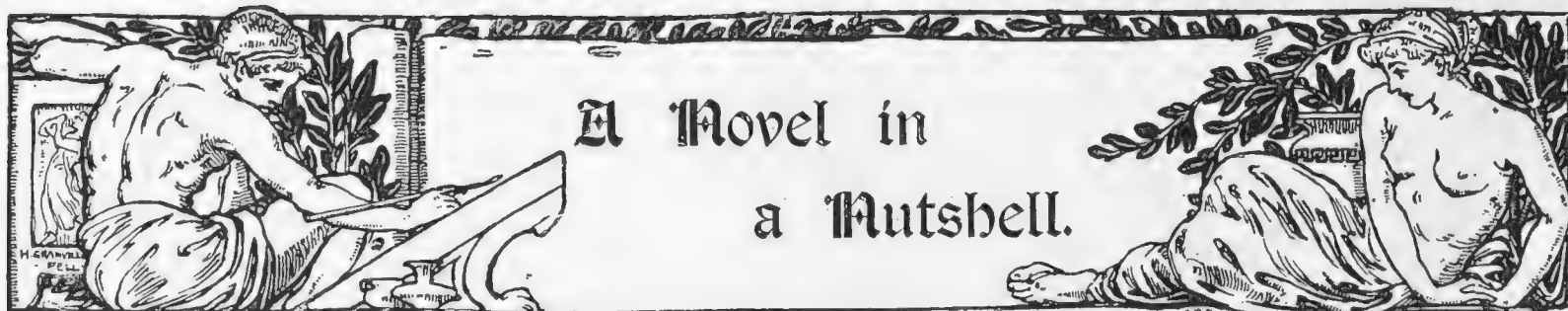
THE CONVICT: Yus, Sir. I thinks more o' that there rat than I does of any other livin' creature.

THE CHAPLAIN: Ah, in every man there is something of the angel, if we can but find it. . . .

How came you to take so much fancy to this rat?

THE CONVICT: It once bit the chief warder, Sir.

DRAWN BY NOEL POCCOCK.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE MAN WHO SOUGHT A MIRACLE.

BY HERBERT SHAW.

WARD started life with nothing. At least, he began with half-a-crown, but that you cannot count, because it is only enough to buy drinks with. Later he went into business for himself, with a capital of fifteen pounds; getting his stock on credit from his old employer at a charge of two-and-a-half per cent.

His business was two small shops at either end of a street in the poorer part of a provincial town. He sold ha'porths of jam, and worked straight and fair, and every Saturday was a hard campaign. The poor people who traded with him loved him, although no man whose name was on the beerhouse slate could buy from him on credit, and he gave individual and forcible lectures on improvidence to men who had regular jobs, and drew more than thirty shillings a week.

When the yield of much work in those two tiny shops was an appreciable thing, Ward came to London. He saw something in advertising, and picked that something up. And he got bit, and bit, and married a wife. He was big-shouldered, big-bearded, a white, kindly man; and he had troubled to acquire other learning besides that which hard work gives. He went sometimes in deadly fear of a weak chest, but he was very happy. His passion for travel, long unsatisfied, should receive attention, he told himself, when the ends of his work were tied up and made secure.

Curtis, his friend, had started from the same mark of time, and with more money. But Curtis was not rich at all, for he had a vagrant's heart, and money to him was only a buying agent (or something by which you could make women happy) and not a thing to store against lean years.

"I'm happy," said Ward, "and you're on the dull road that leads nowhere," said Curtis. "You should marry and settle down, my son."

"I'll never marry," said Curtis. "I'm an odd bird, and I'd never plague any woman so. As soon as I felt myself married it would hurt like a pulled curb-rein. I'd be wanting to be off that very day. She'd never know where to place me—my tramp's blood would break her heart."

"We'll see. I'll be best man yet," laughed Ward.

"You're the best man already," said Curtis queerly. "I envy you—you've the business mind and you're a good sort with it, which is rare. Besides, how would it go with my few pounds a week?—and even that, sometimes, I don't earn. No, I'll never marry."

"You're arrogant," Ward put a hand up in front of his eyes for a second to brush away something that was not there. "You're not the only tramp. I'm seeing this year out, and then I'm done with work. I'm going all over the world—to show it to Isabel. I'll make her mad with delight, for she's vagrant, too, I know. Deck-chair we'll go, first-class—no worry any more. God! I've earned it, but it's great to think of! No more city streets for me."

"You should have done it before," said Curtis quietly.

"Isn't there plenty of time?" Ward spoke angrily, thinking of the weak chest. "Am I too old?"

Returning to his office for an hour's late work, Ward found a letter on the flap of his locked desk. The envelope was of a curious pink colour. He took the letter out, read it, and was replacing it in the envelope, when he jumped. The envelope was perfectly white.

"I'll swear it was pink." He looked again; but the envelope was white, unmistakable. "It's these electric lights," said Ward, laughing. He spoke aloud to the empty room, quivering with the grey terror of an idea that had nothing whatever to do with a weak chest. "It's these electric lights, and I'm tired to-night, too. I'll leave it till the morning. It will be pink then, sure enough."

He carried it home. The wrecking of very many dreams, a thing an eighth of an inch thick, lay in his coat-pocket till the morning—and in the morning it was clean white.

In the days that came after there followed other little mistakes of colour and focus that meant jumping times for his nerves.

"I should have gone that trip before, as you said," Ward laughed quietly. Knowing that the evening of all the things that made life was coming fast upon him, there was no time to be bitter.

"Why, yes, you should," said Curtis. "But it mayn't happen, after all."

"It's a sure thing. He said atrophy of the nerve, and he's Harley Street," said Ward. "And I went into his street in the sun, and it was quite an ordinary door, and an ordinary sort of girl answered the knock. And he was the sort of fellow I can always get on with—you know. I wanted to ask him out to have a drink. And when I came out, he had just pulled down the blind for me—with about sixteen words. It's absurd, isn't it? Overwork, he said—and I've just been working to build my playtime, all the while."

"Told Isabel yet?"

"I'm not going to. I can't. I wait against a miracle—a million-to-one chance. Do miracles happen in London now, except for making or losing money? I wonder. I've thought it all out, if and if not. Doctors have been wrong, haven't they?"

Curtis was taken with an unexplainable vehemence that made fierce words come. "I'd burn my two hands that it shouldn't happen to you. I'd tear out my little shrivelled soul, Ward, and hold it out for you as a free gift, if it would avail anything; but it's worth nothing, old man, except to its owner, the devil."

"Why, I was talking wild, but you're the madman now," said Ward. "What's the matter?"

"Well, we're friends," said Curtis. "Aren't we?" His voice was different, like that of a woman pleading, desperate and earnest, for a repeated assurance of loyalty.

"Why, of course!" said Ward. "And I'll need those I've got, too, when the blind goes down with a jerk."

But the blind descended with a maddening slowness, relentless, yet stealthy and very wayward, so that one day Ward imagined all was clear, and the next saw men as trees walking, and stumbled at the rises from street-crossings. On the clear days, snatching at a hope not to be uttered, he would find his course set for Harley Street—a course completed only once, when the doctor drenched all lamps of hope, but talked to him for an hour, feeding him with fresh manhood. It goes hard with a man when the moorings to all things that matter slacken inexorably, minute by minute almost, before they break adrift.

It went hard with Ward in those days. And Curtis was gentle as a woman, gentle and regretful. From out his darkening and topsy-turvy world Ward gave him thanks.

"I won't tell Isabel," still said Ward. He took her on little excursions; she found him looking at her steadfastly across tea-tables, as in their first days. She could not divine his thought. He was wishing there might yet be a baby. . . . He would call him Richard. . . .

"I'm thinking you'd better tell her," said Curtis. "It might—she'd be so sweet to you."

"I shan't worry her." Ward still pitted his cotton-thread of hope against the threatened dark fixed and charted by Harley Street. "You're not to tell her, mind."

As the ordinary day-dark of another year-long day crept upon the city Ward felt the miracle coming, and every part of him was awake, expectant and quivering. To Curtis, who was with him at the office, he said—"I can't stand this. I'm going out."

"Where?"

"I suppose I'll go to Harley Street. I don't know why."

[Continued overleaf.]

HARDLY A FIRST-CLASS LIFE!



VOICE FROM BELOW: Mind you don't have an accident, Pat!

PAT: Faith, an' wasn't it only last week Mr. McCarty assured me forninst accidents?
Is ut a thafe you're after makin' him?

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

Anyway, I can't go home. There's something going to happen—I only wish I knew what it was."

"It's your nerves. You'd better take it quiet and rest a bit."

"No, I know when it's nerves. This is something different—some new sense. I'll walk the streets till I find out. Will you go home and keep Isabel company? I shan't be home till late, certain." Ward spoke quickly. "Oh, it might be my miracle, after all. I'll worry the pilot at Harley Street again."

He went out into the lighted corners of the city; he stood by the great places where the roads of the city cross, the coloured halting-places in the trafficking of the city's night: Piccadilly Circus, the corner of Tottenham Court Road, the corner of Wellington Street. At each of them he stood, and looked about him at the hurrying burdened mites that peopled the city; and a voice spoke in his heart, saying—"It's likely I'll not see you any more. Perhaps to-morrow I'll be dark, finished, blind." He strove in a fashion to look intently at the whole face of London, as if she were just one friend, and this were the night for a tearless, cruel good-bye.

Piccadilly Circus held him long. He stormed it from the fountain to Cranbourn Street, back and forward, many times.

He went heedlessly, and not to be stayed. People cleared from his path, stood in the roadway, and stared back at him. Women waited furtively for him at corners, but when they had seen his fierce eyes, they fled nervously, strange thoughts within them. They could not know that this big man with the beard was a child filled with quite a different passion—a child in quest of a miracle. For Ward was possessed of a fantasy, a desire, that was strong wine. If the will of a human was anything, the hour for miracles was now.

The glaring Circus burnt his vision, and he made vaguely for Harley Street, through quiet squares where the rich sat at meat. The miracle came like a keen knife, descending on his brain and disclosing a fresh power that made him at once exultant and terrified. Passing a house with shuttered windows, through which no light came, he saw plainly those within. Four sat at dinner, while a servant waited. There was a woman in red and a woman in pale green. And the woman in green had a red rose in her hair.

Ward swayed on the pavement as though it were a rolling deck. He held to the railings and looked through. And he saw clearly that the lady in pale green had a red rose in her dark hair.

He thought it a mad imagining, born out of nerves and great weariness. And for the third time he looked. And the lady in pale green had a red rose in her hair. He saw little movements of the four within, he saw one bending forward eagerly to speak. The servant filled a glass; one drank it, set it down, and laughed. It was a scene acted on the stage of a London dining-room for the man alone—the tired seeker of a miracle who stood in the outer night. . . . It must be verified.

Ward's resolute knock brought a surprised servant, who, facing a primal savage hungry for the truth, thought stupidly that the ordinary rules of intercourse between caller and servant were to be observed. His first attempt at compromise—a suggested waiting in the hall—foundered utterly when Ward roared: "But I must see that room!" and pushed by him. . . .

So four London

people will ever remember a sudden tumult, a sense of keen fear, and then a bearded man, who opened the door like a huge wind and stood for a moment scanning them fiercely as they sat quietly at dinner—a lady in red, a lady in pale green, and two surprised, bewildered men. Looking beyond the pink-shaded lamp at the closed shutters, he departed, silent.

Certainly those four will never forget Ward's awful eyes, which gleamed like blue flames

A miracle had been granted to him, and now in truth he could see. And he tested this staggering miracle, this abortion of his desire for light, slowly, house by house, along the side of the square. He knocked at no other door, for he was certain. In one house a man took up his hat and gloves and helped a lady on with her cloak—the next minute they stood outside the door, and brushed him as they passed upon their journey.

Behind closed doors and shuttered windows Ward could see. Had his cotton thread of hope for the withholding of his blindness sprung into a cable of the miracle made fact?

He tramped, a dazed pilgrim, about the London streets. The walls that shut strange doings from the world were glass to him. He was judge and lord of his fellows; he was greater than a king; he was the spy to-night, the city's overseer! Would it last? If it lasted, what could be withheld from him? He thrilled with a power never dreamed; but now he dreamed it, and became arrogant with it. Another sense was his, a new devil's power—and Harley Street had told him he was going blind. He laughed softly, considering the ignorance of Harley Street and his own new kingdom.

He passed into mean streets and saw secret, unlovely, hidden things behind the walls. At the end of a sordid street, terror of his power swept him—terror of himself as the instrument. He must go home and sleep with his secret. To-morrow, he would wander out into the city again. Oddly, he thought that he would rather be blind.

"For this is too awful," said the man who could see.

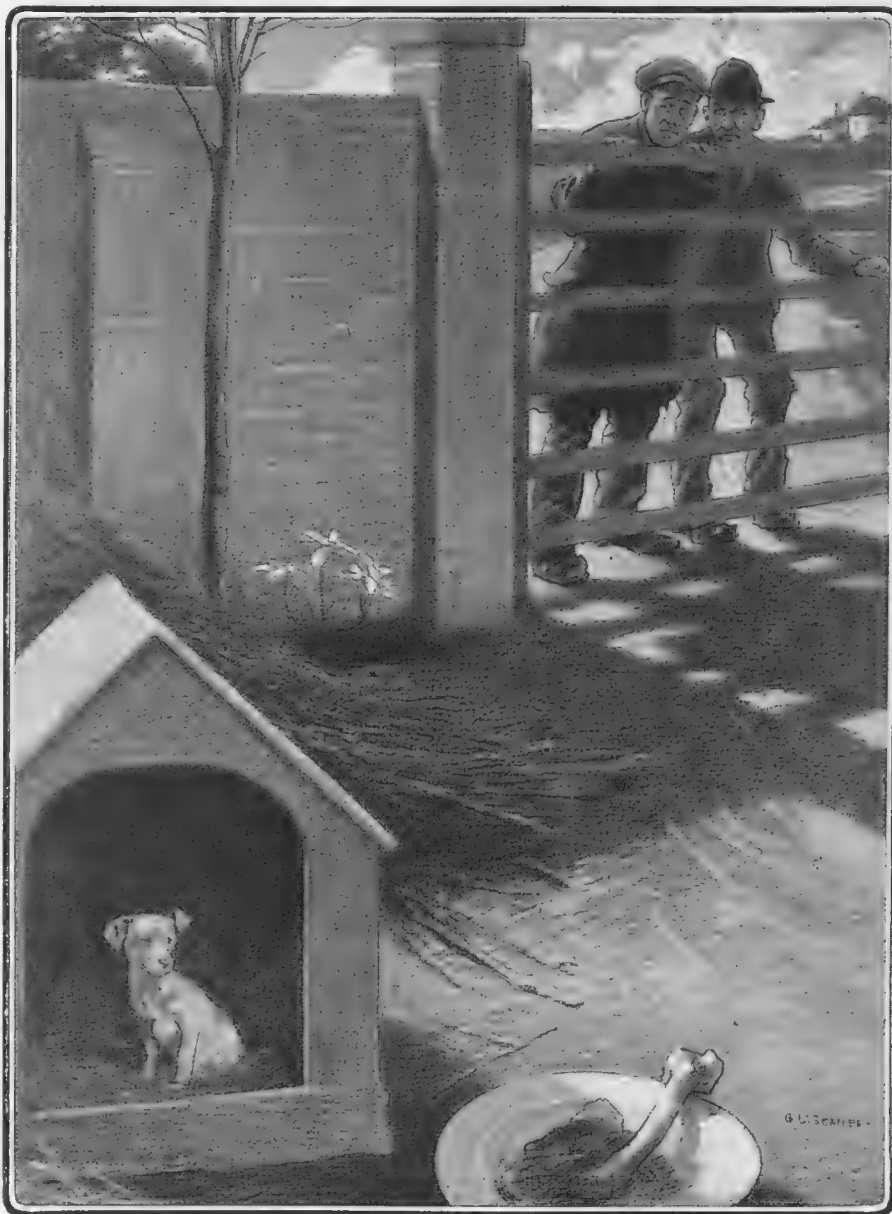
But it was not that secret with which Ward slept that night. For, staying outside his house, he looked through his own shuttered windows at the hidden things of his own life. And he saw that which before now has overturned the worlds of many men.

Perhaps Curtis was only talking earnestly to her, and she was only answering as a woman should kindly answer her man's friend. But it was not that, for as Ward looked, Curtis of the vagrant heart put his hands on her shoulders and drew her to him and kissed her passionately. In that kiss, Ward knew well, were two vagrant souls, denied, met too late, and therefore made evil.

Ward fumbled with his key. Why could Isabel not have told him, if Curtis was not man enough? How could he look upon her face again, having seen this hidden thing? In mercy give him the blindness he had sought!

Swiftly the gods heard his prayer. Kind beyond measure, they took back their night's miracle, and closed down their jest, leaving him hemmed in for ever with sweet and utter darkness. So that, as Ward went through the grudging door, he cried, "Thank God, I'm blind!"

THE END.



"BEWARE OF THE DOG!"

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

ALL Americans, and especially all those strenuous patriots who wish to see the cities of the great Republic managed on the most sensible and invigorating plan, have been watching with close attention the preliminaries to what may well turn out to be a successful experiment in one-man government at Armour, South Dakota. This small city, a very typical American town, has become hopelessly involved in a mass of municipal debts, the taxation has risen by leaps and bounds, and now there suddenly comes from a well-known merchant and citizen, Mr. J. C. Cantonwine, an amazing offer—no less a one than that of taking over complete charge of the local finances; in him to be vested all the privileges which fall to the lot of those who deal with local taxes—that is, the control of the water-supply, the repairing of the streets, the erection of light and heating plants, etc.; while in exchange he undertakes to reduce taxation thirty-three per cent. in two years, and to wipe out the very considerable municipal debt within seven years. The City Fathers of Armour are still weighing the pros and cons of the proposal made to them, and it is said that public feeling is much in favour of its being accepted.



THE MAN WHO WISHES TO RUN A TOWN: MR. J. C. CANTONWINE, OF ARMOUR, SOUTH DAKOTA.

Mr. Cantonwine has suggested that he shall run Armour on the principle of one-man government, taking over the whole of the debts, receiving the taxes, and making himself responsible for the work usually done by the town authorities.—[Photograph by Perry.]

plan, should he be allowed to try it, will also interest municipal reformers in this country.

Woman as Man: Madame Dieulafoy enjoys an almost unique distinction in France, for she is one of the three or four women who have been permitted by the Government to wear men's clothes at all times. This costume she first adopted in order to accompany her husband on his archaeological journeys in Persia—journeys in which she has shared his dangers, his successes, and his rewards, for she has been decorated with the Legion of Honour for her discoveries and archaeological research at Susa, and is a Laureate of the French Academy. Anyone who expects

to find her a mannish woman, however, would be grievously disappointed, for she is essentially feminine in her tastes; and although she will discuss archaeology with a savant at one moment, she will talk frocks and frills with delight and a woman friend the next. On one occasion a lady journalist desired to see her, and was given an interview. She was shown into a handsome study, and, as she says—"I saw a small gentleman of the actor type seated by the open fire reading. My impression was that I was face to face with Monsieur Dieulafoy. In my embarrassment I said, 'Pardon, Monsieur; c'était Madame Dieulafoy que je désirais voir.' On this, to my amazement, the little gentleman, rising and bowing, replied, 'Madame Dieulafoy, c'est moi.'" She had just been to a friend's wedding, and was dressed in a frock coat of the most correct type—with a white gardenia in the button-hole—showing an edge of greyish waistcoat, and a fashionable collar, with the tie fastened by a pearl pin. Her trousers were a darker grey than the waistcoat, and her boots were of bright patent leather.



MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE AND CHORUS GIRL: MRS. MARK SQUIRE.

Mrs. Squire, wife of the well-known Cleveland millionaire, recently joined a musical-comedy company at St. Louis as a chorus-girl.

and asked why she did not wear the long petticoat of the European ladies. Equally astonished was a Persian lady, who was amazed to learn that Madame Dieulafoy worked when she was not compelled to do so by poverty, and wondered even more on being told that the French savante

and asked why she did not wear the long petticoat of the European ladies. Equally astonished was a Persian lady, who was amazed to learn that Madame Dieulafoy worked when she was not compelled to do so by poverty, and wondered even more on being told that the French savante

The Shah Surprised. On one of her journeys to Persia Madame Dieulafoy was received with her husband by the Shah in the garden of the palace. His Majesty was greatly surprised at her appearance,



THE STOUTEST ROYALTY: PRINCE GUSTAV OF DENMARK, WHO WEIGHS 23 STONE.

The Prince is the seventh son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, and is twenty-five years of age. He is exceedingly popular, and is a prominent Freemason.



"FISHING" FOR CATS: NETTING A STRAY.

The workers of the Fellowship Cottage Lost Cats' Shelter make it their business to rescue stray cats, which are sent to fit homes or put out of their troubles in a lethal chamber. The hunting goes on chiefly in slumland, and the equipment of the rescue party includes a fishing-net, a lantern, and a large basket for the catch.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

travelled because she liked it, and was interested in her work, preferring to share her husband's dangers rather than remain at home without him. This was in striking contrast with the Persian lady's view, which expressed itself in the words that "a woman's whole happiness consists in repose and adorning herself." Three times in one year Madame Dieulafoy, as she has herself written, "crossed the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Persian Gulf, and the Desert of Elam; passed whole weeks without undressing, slept on the bare ground, struggled night and day against robbers and thieves, forded rivers without a bridge, suffered heat, cold, rains, mists, fever, fatigue, hunger, thirst, and the stings of innumerable insects."

KEY-NOTES

THE Wagner operas that are outside the "Ring" have now been performed with as much attention to detail, and seemingly with as much rehearsal, as the "Ring" operas themselves, and there is reason to doubt whether German opera has ever been so finely given at Covent Garden. It is not easy to present Wagner's music without cuts in London. Operas like "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" can hardly be given in less than four hours, with the minimum interval of twenty minutes between the acts. "Die Meistersinger" takes a still longer time, and you cannot treat Wagner as you can treat Puccini, Verdi, and Gounod—that is to say, you cannot afford to come in late if you wish to appreciate the musical structure. That the directors of Covent Garden should be able to give Wagner under conditions that entail dressing at four o'clock in the afternoon, and starting a hurried dinner between six and seven in the evening, is proof positive that German music has made a permanent impression. Indeed, the enthusiasm displayed at some of the German performances has been quite startling when one considers how, only a few years ago, people were accustomed to go out very quietly, as though they thought the occasion far too serious for applause.

Three old Italian favourites are with us once more. "La Traviata" has come back in new dress, and bears the burden of four-and-fifty years very lightly. Perhaps there are some who find Violetta and Alfredo a little tiresome—they are so unlike anything we have ever seen on this planet; but if Piave made them ridiculous, Verdi made them tuneful, and while Melba and Caruso will express the tunefulness, Covent Garden will be filled to the doors by people who do not hesitate to sacrifice even a week-end in May or June. "Madama Butterfly" has received once more the wonderful interpretation that has added so largely to Frau Destinn's fame in this country. Indeed, one cannot help thinking that no small part of the opera's success is due to her acting. Although we may tire a little of the morbid story, although we may find traces of Puccini's earlier work scattered liberally over the score, yet the freshness and infinite beauty of Frau Destinn's interpretation of the title-part never fails to hold us. Her voice seems to be at its very best just now, the purity of her intonation is unsurpassed. It is clear, too, that if the artist had not been a great singer she would have

been a great actress: she gives the fullest dramatic expression to every rôle she undertakes. Of "La Bohème" it is only necessary to say that it keeps its place in popular favour. This is not surprising, for it is entrusted to the finest company that Covent Garden can gather together, and it is the product of Puccini's first youth, written at a time when his enthusiasms were strongest, and he had experienced something of the conditions under which the famous Bohemians of Murger's story lived. Melba's temporary indisposition enabled Mlle. Donalda to achieve distinction in the part of Mimi. Her singing left little or nothing to be desired, and her acting was really excellent. Caruso's return to Covent Garden in his best voice should also be noted here, and the Italian operas are enjoying the vigorous direction of Signor Campanini.

One of the most remarkable pianists now before the public is M. Leopold Godowsky, who, after giving one or two crowded recitals, was heard last week at the Queen's Hall with the London Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Señor Arbos. M. Godowsky has had a long and brilliant career. We believe it started in the late 'seventies, when he was eight or nine years old, and he toured Germany and America as a prodigy. While yet in his teens he paid his first visit to this country, and since then he has spent many years in America, and has directed the Conservatoire at Chicago.

M. Godowsky's complete control of tone-gradation and his capacity for dealing with many themes at the same time, and presenting them quite clearly, have roused the admiration of no less a judge than M. de Pachmann, who regards Godowsky as the greatest living exponent of pianoforte technique, places him second only to Liszt, and attended the Queen's Hall concert on Thursday last. Less qualified judges than the great

Polish interpreter of Chopin's music may be pardoned if they find that M. Godowsky is sometimes too anxious to remind his audience that he is a master of technique. After all, the greatest dexterity is no more than a means to an end; and that end is the sane, modest, and impersonal interpretation of the masterpieces of great composers. Happily, there are many occasions when M. Godowsky remembers this, and then his playing is beyond praise.

COMMON CHORD.



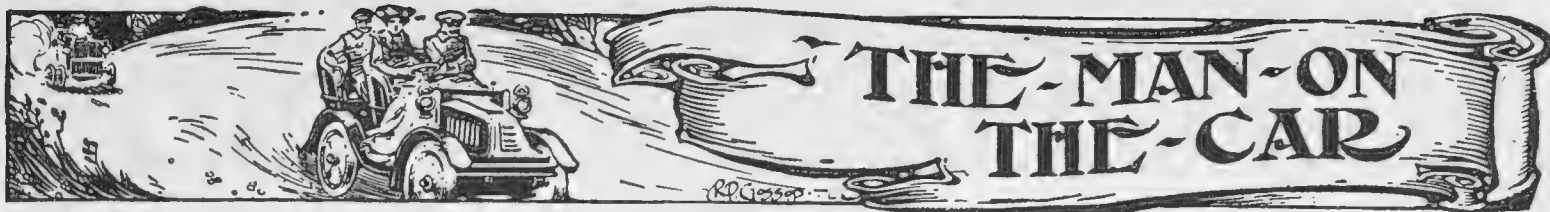
MUSICAL-COMEDY ACTORS AS CHOIR-MEN: MR. LENNOX PAWLE, OF DALY'S, AND MR. ROBERT HALE, OF THE GAIETY, IN THEIR SURPLICES.

While the Church and Stage often join hands across the footlights, it is not often they stand side by side taking an intimate part in the services within the church. That, however, was a recent experience of Mr. Lennox Pawle, of Daly's, and Mr. Robert Hale, of the Gaiety, when they were on the recent tour of "The Lady Dandies." During the week Mr. Lennox Pawle was playing Tournesol, the part he had played at Daly's, while Mr. Hale was playing Lagorille, the character created by Mr. Louis Bradfield. On the Sunday, however, they put off the garments of the Empire and robed themselves in the surplice in order to sing in the choir of the church at Old Dalby, about twenty miles from Nottingham, the vicar of which is Mr. Hale's uncle. On that occasion Mr. Hale sang the solo, and in commemoration of so interesting an event Mr. Taillefer Andrews, himself a well-known singer, took the photograph which we have reproduced.



MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD AND HIS CHILDREN.

Mr Kennerley Rumford and Mrs Rumford (Mme. Clara Butt) leave England for Australia in the first week of July. Their children are to accompany them.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



THE RISE OF THE HUMBER CAR—THE RECORD RELIABILITY TRIAL: THE SIDDELEY SCORES—ENGLISH CARS IN FOREIGN EVENTS—THE VERTEX SIX-CYLINDER CAR—THE DISUSE OF THE SIREN AND EXHAUST CUT-OUT—THE DWINDLING OF THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE.

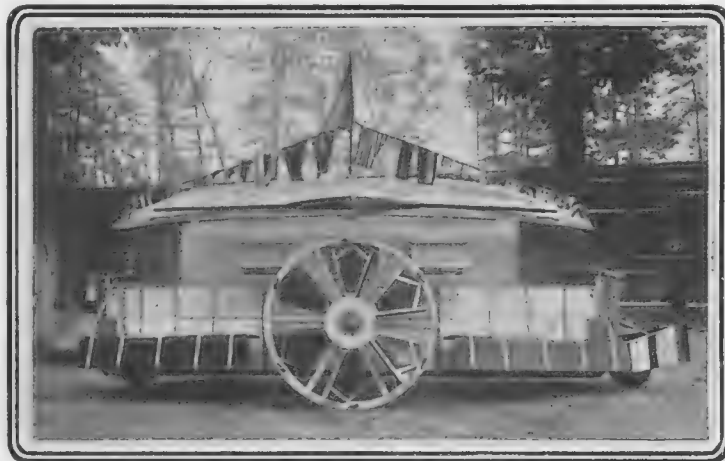
NOTHING augurs better for the British motor industry than the favour with which the productions of Messrs. Humber, Limited, are received by the public keen upon the purchase of a smart, sound, reliable, and reasonably priced car. The secret of the universality of the Coventry Humber is, first, its remarkable reliability, and, next, its outward lines, form, and finish, which never disgrace it when set cheek by jowl with cars of twice and three times its price. Although extremely moderate in price, it never looks cheap; and your Englishman, though he likes to buy at as low a figure as possible, is by no means keen on the fact being made evident. But looks are not everything, and without reliability Humber cars would soon have sunk from favour. I recall an instance of a Coventry Humber, the property of Messrs. Norton and Co., of Cheltenham, that, up to the date of the last Olympia Show, had completed no less than 10,000 miles without a hitch, and since that time has added another 15,000, making a total of 25,000 miles, and this without any overhaul whatever. What more could heart of man desire?

A brief résumé of the 10,000 miles long-distance reliability trial just completed by a standard 40-h.p. touring Siddeley car, by the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company, is just to hand, and forms very interesting reading. This trial has been closely followed by motorists for the reason that various towns were adopted as local centres, from which long daily runs were made out and home. The roads and weather were at times both of a most undesirable character, but after having made a laced pattern over the face of England and Scotland, the drivers assert that the routes mapped out in Devon and Cornwall provided the worst going of all. The success of the run was largely enhanced by the use of Elastex-filled tyres, for it was the exception rather than the rule not to find nails, etc., embedded in the tyres at the end of a daily trip. When 2914 miles had been completed, the change-speed lever broke, due to an unsuspected flaw, but thereafter, until the completion of 10,003 miles, a non-stop record was scored.

It is gratifying to find that English-built cars are making something of a show in Continental events this year. Only quite recently the Daimler Motor Company ran three of their newest types in the Targa Florio race in Sicily; the Wolseley Company and other makers are sending vehicles to compete in the re-regulated Herkomer; while the Rover people lately ran a 6-h.p. Rover car in the small-car trials just finished in Germany. Glentworth will drive a Napier in the Kaiserpreis, and two eight-cylinder Weigels are entered for the Grand Prix. The Kaiserpreis will also see three Daimlers in competition, and these cars will be shod with

Continental steel-armoured, non-skid tyres—a real testimony to the sterling quality of these staunch covers.

When contemplating the purchase of a six-cylinder car, I would recommend my readers to visit the establishment of the Lacre Motor-Car Company, Poland Street, W., and give careful consideration to the chassis of the 30-40-h.p. six-cylinder Vertex. This chassis is built in London by an extremely practical firm of great and varied experience, and is equipped throughout with all the latest features of proven utility. Hoffman (English) ball-bearings are fitted throughout; the bottom half of the crank-chamber can be removed independently of all else; the cam-shafts have specially long bearings; and double convex and self-checking rear springs are fitted. The cylinders are cast separately—a practice I particularly favour—and a metal-to-metal cone clutch is used. Further, the car can be turned out with all accessories, complete to the last button.



AN AMPHIBIOUS DWELLING: A CARAVAN FOR USE ON LAND OR WATER.

The wheels of the caravan, which is here shown ready to enter the water, are fitted with blades which act as paddles when land has been left behind. When the contrivance is on shore the paddle-blades fold against the wheels.—[Photograph supplied by W. A. Mountstephen.]

two most undesirable warnings is decreasing rapidly. I fear I do not agree with these all too hasty critics. While one siren or one exhaust cut-out remains on any car in this country, there is still one too many, and therefore reason enough for the Club's request. But it is not my personal experience upon the road that these plagues are decreasing in use. Question the accessory vendors, who will tell you a very different story. But their employment should be discouraged by all, and I for one should not be sorry to see them forbidden by law.

To-morrow in the Isle of Man will be decided both the Tourist Trophy and the International Heavy Car Touring races. At the



AN ATTEMPT TO SHOOT THE KAISER? HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY IN THE CAR IN WHICH HE WAS DRIVING TO FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

It is thought that an attempt to shoot the Kaiser was made the other day. A revolver-shot was fired at a private motor-car travelling between the villages of Ehrenheim and Hattersheim. The bullet went through one of the windows and just missed the heads of the motorists. Ten minutes later the Kaiser passed the same spot in his motor-car, on his way to Frankfort-on-the-Main. It is rumoured that the shot was intended for the imperial car.

go back to the original holders, with Hutton's Berliets and Rawlinson's Darracqs close up. The Beeston Humber, I regret to note, has been piled up on the road, but the Coventry car is left to uphold the honour of the Humber house.

("The Man on the Car" is continued on a later page.)

moment of writing the list of cars likely to start has grown smaller and beautifully less. Just how many have crumpled themselves up in practice at such difficult points of the course as Sulby Bridge or elsewhere I cannot say, but up to the end of last week, eight out of thirty-one had been withdrawn. Of these five are foreign-built cars. It is, of course, well known that the Hon. C. S. Rolls will not defend the trophy, so, bar accidents, and with two Arrol-Johnstons left in, I think the cup should

THE WORLD OF SPORT

FUTURE EVENTS—THE DERBY.

A LREADY, I notice, one of the big commission-agents is offering 2000 to 1 against the double event of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. Seeing that the first of the big Autumn handicaps is not run before Oct. 16, this is taking time by the forelock and no mistake. A great many good judges think

The White Knight is hardly likely to be weighted out of the race, but he has some good weight-for-age engagements, and may not compete. One thing is certain, the horse would have gone very close for the race last year had it only been possible to deliver him at the post fit and well. I dare say that Polymelus will be backed for the Cambridgeshire if he is entered, and Fra Diavolo is another animal that the public have been waiting for. Already Honolulu has been talked about for the

in and qualified to run for this year's Derby. Yet such is the case. When the numbers come to be hoisted on June 5, I doubt if more than fifteen will go to the post, and many of those might just as well remain in their stables for what chance they may have of beating the favourites. You may retaliate with Jeddah and Sir Hugo, but these extreme outsiders do not come up more than twice in a generation, and we might have to go another hundred years before another 100 to 1 chance like Jeddah scores for the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. I have heard that many of Mr. Larnach's dependants backed Jeddah for the Guineas out of sheer patriotism, but they had no money left to put on the colt for the Derby. But to the coming race. Sam Darling is one of our most capable trainers, and, what



A PRIZE-WINNING BULLDOG: GUILDFORD PRINCE,
The property of Mrs. E. E. Pullman, of Guildford.



A PRIZE-WINNING BULLDOG: SPOTTY TOM,
The property of Mrs. E. E. Pullman, of Guildford.

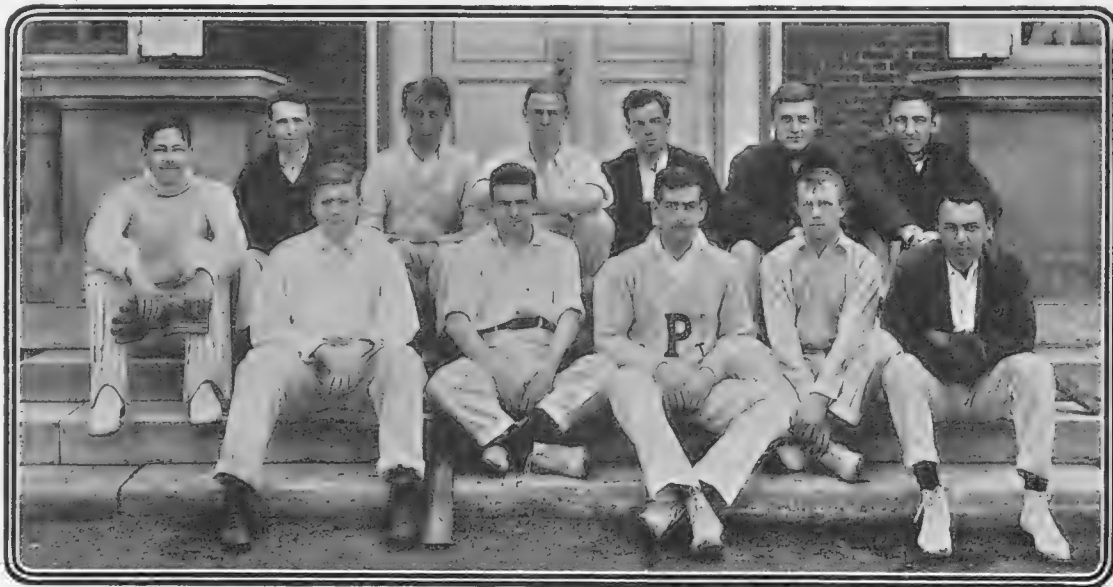
Stewards' Cup, and it is not possible to get more than 25 to 1 about him, and that, too, on the off-chance of his being entered. King Charles, trained by Peacock, will most assuredly win a good race later on; and the same may be said of Mintagon, who is trained by William P'Anson. If Dinneford, trained in Taylor's stable, is fancied by his owner for any race he must not be made a loser, and the same remark will apply to Camisard, who is trained by C. Waugh. When we get plenty of sunshine, Gilpin's horses will pay for following. He does not believe in hurrying his charges a little bit, and the waiting policy has paid well up to now in his case. Willie Waugh, of Kingsclere, will lead back some winners at Ascot and at Goodwood, and I should like to see R. Marsh, the King's trainer, doing the same, but I am afraid he has a number of very second-rate animals at Egerton House at the present time. The amateur trainers continue to do well, but the brothers Lambton have had a lean season so far as handicaps are concerned.

Very few sportsmen would believe it if told that at the present time there are nearly a hundred and thirty horses left

is more, he is a fine judge of form. Darling thinks he has a certainty for the Derby in Slieve Gallion, and all the tales about the horse not being able to act downhill are not worthy of consideration, seeing that he won the New Stakes at Ascot in a canter. Of course, the race for the Middle Park Plate has to be got over. Galvani beat the Beckhampton horse fairly and squarely by half a length, but Slieve Gallion was

not himself that day, and it is a pity he was sent to Newmarket to compete. This bit of book form, however, has brought Galvani lots of friends, who claim that Gilpin has the key to the situation, and they argue that what the master of Clarehaven House did with Spear-mint last year he could do with Galvani this. The same tactics that answered so well with his stable companion are being utilised with Galvani. He has not run in public since his two-year-old days, and is being reserved specially for the race. I think that Slieve Gallion will win, and that Galvani will be second.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE AMERICANS WHO ARE TO PLAY THE BRITISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS: THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA CRICKET TEAM, WHICH IS TO TOUR ENGLAND THIS SUMMER.

The team is to play the first of a series of matches against British public schools on June 27, when it will meet Harrow. Matches will also be played, between that date and July 29, with Clifton, Shrewsbury, Cheltenham, Marlborough, Haileybury, Rugby, Charterhouse, Repton, Winchester, Malvern, and the Universities of Durham and Edinburgh.

Photograph supplied by the Topical Press.

his two-year-old days, and is being reserved specially for the race. I think that Slieve Gallion will win, and that Galvani will be second.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Man and His Elusive Ideal.

I like to hear the superior sex discoursing of "the type of woman they like best." But if there is a touch of humour, there is also something infinitely pathetic in these confidences, for most of them, we may be sure, come from the much-married man. Thus, Smith will go so far as to write to the morning paper to confide to all and sundry that his fancy dwells on a young goddess with a Greek nose, melting eyes, a clinging disposition, and a pretty wit which she never uses; whereas we all know that he has been wedded these twelve years to a stout widow with half-a-dozen youngsters and a fortune in the Three per Cents. The individual who protests that he abhors the cultured woman and all her ways is, depend upon it, the fireside companion of one of those "noisy scullions" of whom Robert Louis Stevenson stood so much in dread. Alas for poor humanity and its ideals! A witty young matron once assured me that a woman seldom married the man she loved, but "the man she disliked least"; and one suspects that many of the happy Benedicks whose backs we envisage at St. George's, Hanover Square, are in a like case. What, indeed, is Man that he should be able to elude a vigorous female bent on hunting down her natural quarry? The majority of marriages—which are said to be made in heaven—must afford infinite diversion to the idle and mischievous gods who incite feeble mortals to their own discomfiture.

A Satiated Society. There is no doubt that the brilliance of the season, and with it the popularity of the "party," is dying out, and that no one, except the most ingenuous débutante, ever entertains the prospect of being amused during this annual solemnity. Even dinners—the portentous banquets of the season—have somehow lost their importance, and hostesses who in former years would have given a round dozen between May and July now content themselves with two or three perfunctory entertainments. Moreover, the young man-about-town, who in years gone by would have been ashamed to be seen dining alone at his club—as a sign of social failure—now has to content himself with a modest meal in St. James's Street on two nights of the three which now constitute a London "week." A

of the inevitable but fatiguing week-end, all conduce to destroy the animation of the London season.

Little Imperialists v.

Little Englanders.

There are no youngsters in Western Europe so ignorant of their country's history or so callous about its future as the pure Anglo-Saxons of this kingdom. Irish children, one fears, can hardly be expected to take an enthralled interest in our island-story, in spite of the help which their gallant soldiers and brilliant statesmen have afforded us in building up the Empire. A wee Scot, to be sure, is ignorant of nothing, and wants no reminders of the wealth and power of the State of which he will one day be a voter; nor does a tiny Taffy fall much short of his Gaelic kinsman in knowledge and imagination. But in England, on Empire Day, it was found necessary not only to hoist the Union Jack on thousands of schools as a convincing symbol, but to put the Teutonic part of the juvenile kingdom to a drastic cross-examination in the shape of an "Empire catechism." The movement, though it has its humorous side, is undoubtedly an ennobling one. But there is a touch of delicious irony in the proposed choice of the humble daisy as the typical flower of Great Britain and her Dominions. The daisy is no more fitted to represent the greatest Empire the world has ever seen than does the primrose represent the sardonic and Oriental genius of Disraeli.

Up the Alps by Machinery.

In this age of petrol and electricity it was not to be supposed that we should leave even the virgin peaks untouched, and it is therefore not surprising to hear that a "lift" has been inaugurated on the Matterhorn, which will make that once awesome mountain well-nigh as accessible from below as the Leas at Folkestone, passengers making use of it being saved some four hours of hard glacier climbing. This is all to the good for the fat and scant of breath, but what does our Alpine Club say to these desecrations of its favourite playground? To the pure soul of the real climber—and no more disinterested enthusiast exists—there is something revolting about all these impious funicular railways up snow mountains, and "elevators" attached to the flanks of awe-inspiring peaks. If a man has not the courage, the resource, and the strength to climb, let him stay down below in the valley and watch his more adventurous contemporaries touch the stars. There should be no hoisting of the week-kneed up to the sublime heights. The prospected railway up Mont Blanc will destroy for ever the austere charm of Chamounix.



A SMART
WALKING-DRESS
IN
BLACK CLOTH.

(For Notes on
Fashions of the
Moment, see the
"Woman-about-
Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

popular Guardsman informed me confidentially the other day that whereas, a decade ago, he would have as many as fifteen alluring dinner invitations on one single night in June, he now thought himself favoured if he had one. Certainly all the gaiety and *entrain* of London seem now to be found in the smart restaurants and hotels, while the increasing love of country life, the charm of the ubiquitous motor-car, the bustle



[Copyright.]

THE FASHIONABLE SPRING COSTUME.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

THERE are many and manifest changes in London life every few years. One specially noticeable is the way people come to town for the season. The great folk keep to their town mansions, but are in them for a much shorter time. The Smart Set change about, letting their West-End residences and taking others, or living a little way out and motoring to the season's functions. The most decided difference is observable with the huge circle of middle-class prosperous people. They used to come to London every season for quite two months, take suites of rooms or furnished houses, and settle down comfortably to their round of pleasure. Now they run up for a week or ten days to an hotel, entertain and are entertained, and go back to the country, pleased to be out of the rush. They may come back or not for a second short spell, just as circumstances dictate. The consequence is a decided slump in the letting of furnished rooms, flats, and private houses.

Floral trimmings for hats are in again, with a result that is quite satisfactory. Flowers are so sweet and amiable: all sorts and conditions of them may be placed together with the most satisfactory results. The other day I saw a shady Leghorn hat, on the flat top of which were pink roses, green and yellow oats, white and mauve sweet peas, and rosy apples with delicate pink apple-blossom. They looked lovely, and when one's eyes travelled from the top of the hat to the face beneath, that was flower-like and fresh, too; so that one passed on one's dusty and petrol-odoured way momentarily refreshed and invigorated. Flowers are to my mind a much more seemly garniture for the hat of a pretty girl or a lovely woman than the fantastic feather, now so much in vogue. These bizarre ornithological effects are all very well for those who go to smartness for their charm; women to whom nature is lavish of good gifts are wisest to follow her. A great, big handsome ostrich-feather, curled or uncurled, is by convention second nature, and is always a becoming addition to pretty millinery. Feathered fantasies are quite another thing!

This is a season of embroidery. It is worn in day dress, evening dress, on coats, on capes, on belts, on hats, everywhere. Most convenient are the little pelerines of embroidered glacé made to go over blouses. These are arranged in long double lines from the waist at the back to the front, over the shoulders, and with epaulettes on the outer bands. They can be purchased not made up, so that they can be cut to fit, lined, and perfectly adapted to the figure. In black they can be worn with a black skirt and a cream or white blouse; they are inexpensive, and can therefore be acquired in one or two colours to go with different-hued skirts, and so give that look of relationship to the top and nether portions of the figure insisted upon by the fashion decrees for the season.

A spirited trial is being made by our Royal School of Art Needlework to supply, in large measure, the demand for embroideries, which becomes greater every week. With this view Princess Christian, the President, has called in the opinion of a Parisian dress expert, who declares that the school work has all the necessary points for successful adornment of dress. Further, her Royal Highness, who is eminently practical, has arranged with a

West-End modiste to use the school embroideries for dresses, engaging that they shall be done in the way necessary for this purpose. At the annual sale this week some embroidered gowns, for Court and other occasions, were on view, so that women were able to form their own opinion as to the merits of the work. The opinion seems to have been entirely favourable.

Art embroidery and dress embroidery are things of widely different nature. In the latter artistic effect has to be produced in a bold way and at less cost than in the former. Dresses are for the passing hour, art embroidery is for life-times and more. A decidedly good idea in this connection is making these fine embroideries transferable. When they have served their turn on a Court dress, they can serve another on a handsome evening wrap, and then on a dinner-gown. If they survive these transitions, then are they worthy to be put away for the traditional seven years, when they will bob up serenely for another term of service. They are marked and so handsome that in the same connection a dress-loving woman does not care to wear them more than one season, and then occasionally.

The Queen is a great lover of embroidery, rich massive work, so much of which was done for her in India under the personal supervision of the late Lady Curzon. The under-gown of her Majesty's Coronation robe was so embroidered, while several of the dresses worn by her at Courts have been of this embroidery in real silver and gold thread. Other dresses I have seen after this fashion, notably one in Princess style, of pale-pink satin wrought in raised Oriental embroidery with real silver, worn by the wife of a well-known sporting heir to a Marquisate, who spent a winter in India. They are most effective and becoming. The designs most in favour here now are those after old brocades done in raised tissue, ribbon work, and silk. There is no reason why Princess Christian's patriotic desire to obtain for British embroiderers a fair share of the work should not succeed.

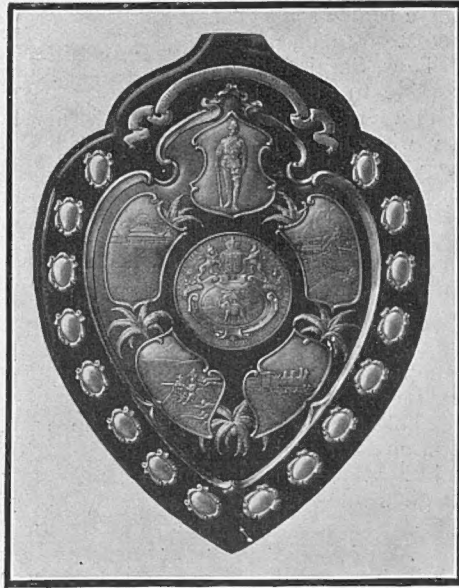
The designers must not only create, but observe; not only draw out fine things from an artistic point of view, but see to it that their productions are in accordance with the public demand, and with the peculiar requirements of modistes.

More than ever is a tendency to the graceful and becoming style

of Empire necklet apparent. Sometimes it is run through black velvet, always pleasing on a white neck. Also black and white tulle are used to thread through it with charming result. The designs of the Parisian Diamond Company are so beautiful and so correct in every detail to the period to which they belong that the illustration accompanying these remarks serves amply to point them and to show the gracefulness and becomingness of the ornament, one of the newest of this most prolific firm's achievements.

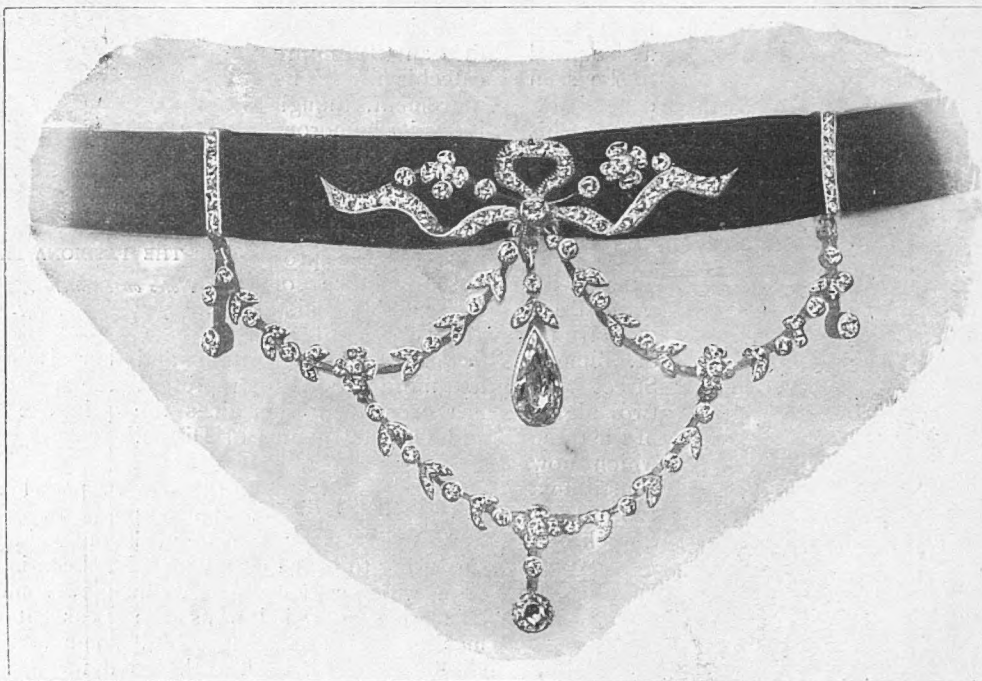
On "Woman's Ways" page are illustrations of the latest

things in coats. One is three-quarter length, semi-fitting, and double-breasted, in rose-pink cloth with pretty embroidery. The hat is pale-pink chip, with a white dove poised on the brim. The other is a short coat in Empire style over a plain Marquisette dress of pale green. The coat is of chamois-leather dyed darker green and caught with green enamel buttons. It shows a frilled front of creamy lawn; and the pale-green straw hat is finished with a ruche of darker green chené ribbon.



THE WESTERN PROVINCE AND ASHANTI VOLUNTEERS' SHIELD.

The Gold Coast Government Railway, Tarkwa Mines, and Ashanti Mines Volunteers were raised two years ago for the defence of the railway and the various mines. Each unit has its rifle club, and the trophy illustrated is intended to bring the various units together in a rifle competition. The first competition for the trophy, which was made by Messrs Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of 2, Queen Victoria Street and Oxford Street, was held at Sekondi at the end of last year, and was won by the Obuassi Mine Company.



A BEAUTIFUL EMPIRE NECKLET, MADE BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 11.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

AN air of decided gloom hung over The Carriage. Everyone smoked steadily. Everyone read his newspaper with an air of resigned dejection.

Finally The Jobber rolled up his paper—a financial daily—made it into a ball, and shied it out of the window. The word “shied” may be colloquial, but it expresses the action better than any other. The Broker followed suit.

Then the others laughed. “Feel better?” The Engineer asked the pair of Housemen.

“Getting convalescent, thanks,” responded The Jobber. “Gives one the hump to read the Stock Exchange part of the paper nowadays.”

“Things have got too much hump,” remarked The Merchant. “There’s a silver lining to every cloud.”

“The bears find there’s a golden lining, as a rule,” observed The Solicitor.

“You can buy Home Rails,” The City Editor said with confidence. “I am advising my readers to pick them up now.”

“Yes, so I perceived a week ago,” The Jobber flattered him.

The City Editor fell into the trap. “I am deeply honoured,” said he innocently.

“And ever since then prices of Home Rails have gone from bad to worse,” pursued The Jobber.

The victim reddened. He had only been in the business fifteen years, and was therefore still susceptible on certain points.

“I agree,” The Merchant rescued him. “You may see prices go lower, but Home Rails are worth starting to buy, anyway.”

The Engineer said he had been given to understand that people put their money into Foreign securities nowadays instead of British stocks and shares.

“So they do; but I’m not at all sure——”

“Neither am I, Brokie,” The Jobber interrupted. “In fact, I’m rather inclined to agree with you there.”

“Where? You bewilder me,” complained The Merchant.

“In thinking it’s time people sold their Foreign stocks and re-invested in the home-grown article.”

“Home Rails, for example,” The Jobber nodded.

“Some of those South American railway stocks look cheap,” The City Editor ventured.

“Why is Rosey so gloomy?”

But The Jobber kicked him and warned him not to fire off prepared jokes as instantaneous.

“Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock at 99, and paying 6 per cent., looks an attractive speculative investment,” The Banker said.

“Very cheap,” confirmed The Broker. “So are Pacifics and Westerns and Bags. All jolly cheap.”

“Is there anything the matter with these Argentine Rails?”

“Not that I can find out,” said The Broker. “A jobber in the market told me, only the other day, that unless there’s some unforeseen calamity overhanging things, Roseys are a dead snip to take up.”

“I tell you what,” said The City Editor. “I go round to all sorts and conditions of men, and I find the impression of that impending calamity is growing.”

“Upon what other ground can you explain the frightful state of business?” demanded The Broker.

“What, actually, is feared?” The Banker asked.

“Oh, that some very big firm is in shallow water. Some *really* big people.”

“But is there anything in it, or is it simply that the Stock Exchange must have some yarn or other to account for the dulness of business?”

“I really don’t know”—and The Broker obviously didn’t—“nobody does know.” And the others obviously didn’t know, either.

“Look at Lyons,” said The City Editor. “The dividend statement is capital, the shares at this price pay 6 per cent. on the money, with the prospect of more in the future. And yet the shares are dull.”

“Stale bull account in them,” The Broker explained. “And, moreover, people *ought* to get 6 per cent. on their money from such investments.”

“Mexican Firsts pay very nearly 6 per cent. on the money,” The Engineer reminded them.

“We seem to be getting a selection of 6 per cent. investments,” The City Editor noticed.

“Throw in Rand Mines,” suggested The Jobber. “Another 6 per center.”

“And not dear either. The strike can’t possibly last, and when it’s over, Kaffirs will be waltzed up a bit, if it’s only to give the bears a caution.”

“Are any of those Cloncurry things any good?” The City Editor asked.

“Mount Elliotts are; at least, so they tell me,” replied The Broker. “Their report came out the other day, and judging by that, the present price of shares is more than covered by cash in

hand, and ore developed, to say nothing of what the future may show the mine contains.”

“You can buy me fifty of those,” said The Engineer. “I shall put them away. And fifty ‘Tunnel’ Prefs. with them, by way of a sheer gamble.”

“Tunnel Prefs.?” said The Jobber.

“Trans-Continental Transportation and Railway shares,” the speculator explained.

“I transmit a hope that your profit will be transcendently entrancing,” said The Jobber; “and in trans——” [Exit.]

MARKETS AND PRICES.

In the present extremely unsatisfactory condition of almost all sections of the Stock Exchange it may be well to warn your readers against attaching undue importance to individual shrinkages in price. Those who do not follow the course of markets closely, but notice that some stock in which they are interested is falling, for no very obvious reason, are naturally prone to imagine that there is something amiss of which they know nothing, and to become alarmed in consequence. In nine cases out of ten, however, the decline is simply an adjustment of the price of the particular stock to the general depression of all securities, and has little or no bearing on the earnings of the concern in question. It must be remembered that the price of a security is based partly on intrinsic merit, and partly on its comparative attractiveness in relation to all other securities returning a similar rate of interest. Consequently, a fall in one department of the Stock Exchange involves a corresponding shrinkage in market price in all others; and when, as in the present case, this process continues for many months on end, we reach a condition of things in which individual merit appears to be almost disregarded. There is another reason why your readers should not overrate the importance of individual declines in price. Any stockbroker will tell them that he can hardly remember any period in which it has been so difficult to deal as that through which we have been passing. In fact, it may almost be said that for months past there has been no free market in any security except those in which a bear account was known to exist. The result is that prices are marked down at once when any considerable quantity of stock comes on the market, whereas in better times a much larger quantity would be taken without any alteration in the price.

As to the causes for this condition of affairs space does not admit of dealing with them here. There are some which are obvious, such as the deplorable condition of South Africa, the comparative dearth of money, the profound distrust which has been engendered by the methods of the American railroad magnates, and the ever-growing demands of Labour throughout the world. But all of these together would not suffice to account for the prevailing depression, and this is, perhaps, the most disquieting feature of the position; for if the cause of the evil were apparent, it might be possible to apply the remedy. That things will take a turn for the better some day may be regarded as certain, but it is not by any means clear that prices may not go lower still before the turn comes. Meanwhile, the investor must possess his soul in patience.

Saturday, May 25, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the “City Editor,” The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ANXIOUS.—We agree with your views as to the two concerns. Loddons may come out all right in the end, but their troubles are not half over yet. As markets are at present there does not seem much encouragement to hold on where the shares are not paid for.

J. S.—The people are common touts, to be avoided.

J. P.—There is nothing wrong with Waihi. The shares are now £9, and considering the fall in nearly everything, are very steady. If you are so easily frightened you ought to keep your money in an old stocking.

QUERCUS.—We should say none are likely to rise much just now, but Colorado or Lagunas Syndicate are about the best.

DONDO.—We hardly expect a dividend this year, as the works have only just got into the producing stage. The Oil concern is making good progress, but the railway is not finished yet, and no dividend can be expected on the Deferred shares till next spring.

A. H.—We have no belief in the Randfontein agitation leading to any good. Have nothing to do with it. But for the energetic young gentlemen who “City edit” certain evening papers the whole thing would have died long ago. We have not changed our opinion of Chartered or Hendersons.

DON JUAN.—We can learn nothing of your Rubber Companies; the shares are quite unquoted and unknown on this market. We are making further inquiries.

A. P.—Both your electric concerns are suffering from over-financing their offspring. We should feel very unhappy if the shares and debentures were our own. Whether the prices will recover depends on how the various provincial concerns in which they are interested, and whose lines they have built, turn out. If you can afford the risk hold on. The Dock stock does not seem attractive.

ROMANY.—(1) The Cuban railway is not attractive; the best dividend paid has only been 2 per cent., and the traffics are patchy. We cannot see that the present price is below the true value. (2) The last answer applies to your Electric shares. We have a poor opinion of the Ordinary shares’ chances. (3) The Uruguay Railway is a very fair speculative investment if you pay for what you buy and lock it up.

C. S.—Who guarantees the guarantors?

DISGUSTED.—(1) We do not like the shipping concern. (2) The railway Deferred stock is certainly unduly depreciated. The traffics are good, and the trade outlook bright, but if we get labour troubles they may go lower.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At York Best Friend may win the Flying Dutchman’s Handicap; Love Song the Melrose Handicap; and Selaginella the Eglington Stakes. At Bath Catapult may win the Somersetshire Stakes and Belus the Weston Stakes. Sweet Thrush should take the Bath Welter. For Doncaster I fancy the following: Spring Handicap, Scotch Boy; Portland Stakes, Faust; Hopeful Stakes, Pietra; Chesterfield Plate, Wild Lad. At Salisbury, Aunt Fanny may win the Salisbury Stakes; Cement the Wiltshire Plate; Monkshead the Salisbury Cup; and Tiber Queen colt the Foal Stakes. At Hurst Park, Gala should win the Palace Handicap; Relish the June Welter; and Orwell the Holiday Plate. On the opening day of Epsom Camp Fire II. may win the Egmont Plate, and Popinjay the Woodcote Stakes.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.—(Continued.)

ALL motorists who are keen enough to know, care for, and con their own car, also those who are driven by others, but nevertheless crave knowledge in order that they may be in a position to instruct and check their paid servants, should write without delay to Argyls, London, Limited, 17, New-man Street, Oxford Street, W., for an admirably printed, profusely illustrated, and most carefully written work, entitled "The Care of the Car," with, of course, particular reference to the Argyll. The book opens with an interesting dissertation upon the method of machine manufacture at Alexandria-by-Glasgow, the perusal of which must inspire confidence in the work put into the cars in question. The details also of the largest motor depôt in London serve to convey an idea of the equipment necessary to the well-being of a modern motor-car; but the kernel of the book is the section devoted to the construction, maintenance, and driving of the Argyll car from the practised pen and practical mind of Mr. Eustace H. Watson. No man can rise from the perusal of this section without having amplified his knowledge of motor-car construction and the care of a car, and of the Argyll car in particular.

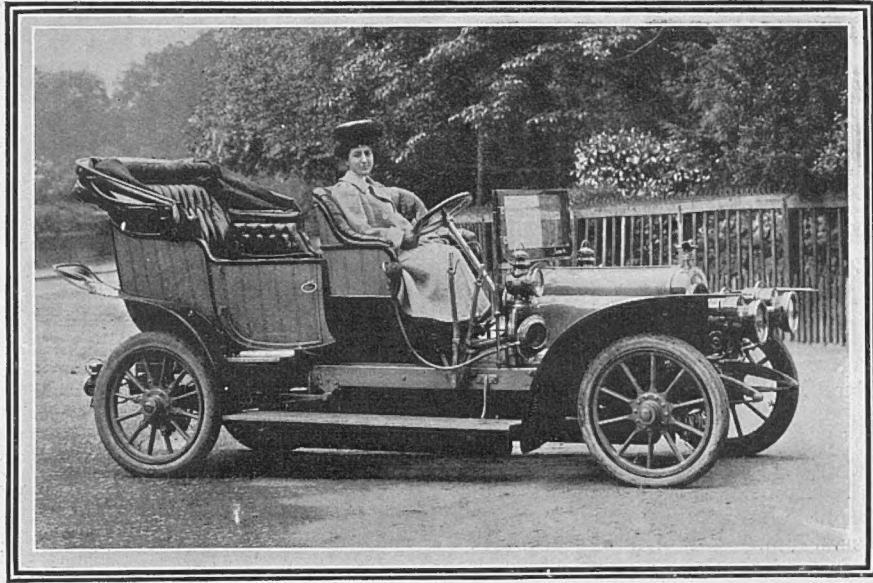
I fancy that the Appearance competition in connection with the Bexhill meeting was but little advertised, or the entries therefor would have been much more numerous. Few people realised before the day that there were special prizes for ladies, or matters would

hardly have been left to that finished conductress, Miss Dorothy Levitt, on a white-and-green De Dion, and Mrs. Arnold E. Cohen, on a smart Chenard-Walcker. For neatness, suitability, and all-round completeness the last-named lady thoroughly deserved her first prize, which was awarded chiefly in accord with the idea of general fitness. The particular sensation of Monday afternoon was the establishment of a speed record for the Bexhill course by Mr. S. F.

Edge, who, on the powerful six-cylinder Napier upon which he will attempt sixty miles per hour for twenty-four hours on the Brooklands track, succeeded in raising the track record from 54'53 miles per hour, by Serpollet in 1902, to 73'77 on Monday week last.

The police have just been taught by the Petty Sessional Court at Highgate that even they, though only motorists be concerned, may not play fast-and-loose with an Act of Parliament. The other day Mr. Sidney Smith, the well-known Napier driver, was summoned for driving a motor-car at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, and it was alleged, but denied, that when a constable stepped into the road the defendant failed to stop. Of course, no

warning of prosecution was given at the time, or sent in writing to the defendant within twenty-one days. It was further contended that a verbal warning by the police two days afterwards was not in compliance with the Act. The Bench dismissed the summons. When, apropos of the marooned constable in "Steam Tactics," Rudyard Kipling wrote—"The bulk of English shore-going institutions are based on comfortable strata of absolutely impervious inaccuracy," he did not go far astray.



MRS. A. E. COHEN, WINNER OF THE APPEARANCE COMPETITION AT BEXHILL, ON HER 16-20 H.P. CHENARD-WALCKER VICTORIA PHAETON.

Photograph by Wakefield.

A Purchaser writes from South Wales:—
To Messrs. Drew & Sons,
Piccadilly Circus, London.
Feb. 25th '07.
Dear Sirs,—I am very pleased with the Patent Blade Holder: it is well and accurately made, and very effective. I tried the dulllest blade I had this morning, and in a few seconds it had a perfect edge, giving an absolutely clean and easy shave. I am glad I have not thrown away my old blades. Yours faithfully, J.E.



(Gillette Safety Razor in Case, with 12 Blades, 21/-)

THOUSANDS of these patent holders are in use. They are indispensable to all who shave with the GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR.

ALL USERS OF THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR should have one of DREW'S PATENT BLADE HOLDERS for SHARPENING blades that have become dull in use. The keenest edge can be obtained in A FEW SECONDS by stropping on an ordinary strip. Patent holder and instructions by return on receipt of Postal Order or Cheque for 5s., of the Inventors and Sole Makers, DREW & SONS, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

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